JOHN BULL, APRIL 28, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

# JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 862. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1923. TWOPENCE.

*Edited by CHARLES PILLEY*

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

## IS LABOUR FIT TO GOVERN?

*by* Sir John Foster Fraser

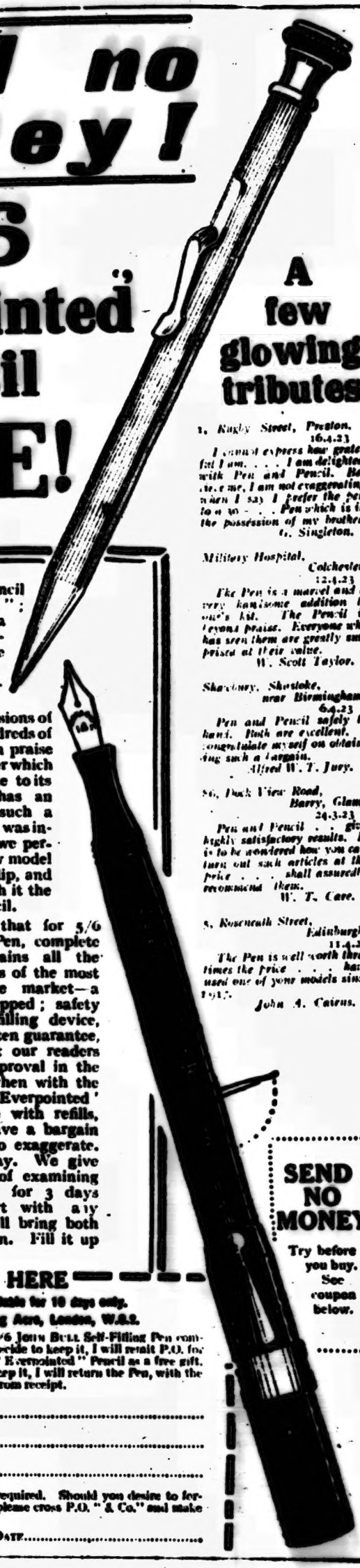
TAKE

*Beecham's Pills*

*And Look Pleasant*

# Send no Money!

## 2'6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!



"THE Pen and Pencil are beyond praise"; "The Pen is a marvel"; "A real bargain"; "Worth three times the price" "I cannot express how thankful I am . . "

HERE are a few expressions of approval from hundreds of letters we have received in praise of the most wonderful offer which JOHN BULL has ever made to its readers. Never before has an offer of ours met with such a tremendous reception. It was indeed a great day when we perfected this wonderful new model 5/6 Pen, complete with clip, and decided to give away with it the 2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil.

WHEN you consider that for 5/6 we offer you a Pen, complete with clip, which contains all the up-to-the-minute features of the most expensive pens on the market—a 14ct. gold nib, iridium tipped; safety screw cap; lever self-filling device, etc., and a two-year written guarantee, it is small wonder that our readers have expressed their approval in the way they have. And when with the Pen, we give you a 2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE, complete with refills, rubber and clip, you have a bargain which it is impossible to exaggerate.

SEIZE this offer to-day. We give you the privilege of examining the Pen and trying it for 3 days before deciding to part with any money. The coupon will bring both Pen and Pencil by return. Fill it up and send now.

### A few glowing tributes

1, *Rugby Street, Preston.* 16.4.23

*I cannot express how grateful I am. . . . I am delighted with Pen and Pencil. Before me, I am not exaggerating when I say I prefer the pen to a 30 - - - Pen which is in the possession of my brother.*
*t. Singleton.*

*Military Hospital, Colchester.* 12.4.23

*The Pen is a marvel and a very handsome addition to one's kit. The Pencil is beyond praise. Everyone who has seen them are greatly surprised at their value.*
*W. Scott Taylor.*

*Shawbury, Shawbake, near Birmingham.* 6.4.23

*Pen and Pencil safely to hand. Both are excellent. I congratulate myself on obtaining such a bargain.*
*Alfred W. T. Jury.*

*86, Dock View Road, Barry, Glam.* 24.3.23

*Pen and Pencil . . . give highly satisfactory results. It is to be wondered how you can turn out such articles at the price . . . shall assuredly recommend them.*
*W. T. Cave.*

*8, Rosscraik Street, Edinburgh.* 11.4.23

*The Pen is well worth three times the price . . . have used one of yours models since 1917.*
*John A. Cairns.*

**SEND NO MONEY**

Try before you buy. See coupon below.

**CUT HERE**

Send No Money. Available for 10 days only.

JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and I accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If, on the other hand, I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application please cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

"J.B." 28.4.23. DATE.....

# PROOF!

**221 claims paid this week—more proof that JOHN BULL is the paper that pays! Space permits us to publish the names of only a few of those readers who benefit. Sign the forms now.**

## Fire.

CROYDON.—A. STAPLE 27, Seaton Road, Bethurst.
HALESOWEN.—C. TILDESLEY, 3, New Street.
BRISTOL.—E. E. WEBB, 23, Victoria Street, Clifton.
WEST LOTHIAN.—Mrs. J. FINNIE, 34, Barbauchlaw Avenue, Armadale.
CHESTERFIELD.—J. HARGREAVES, 137, Foolsbrook.
SOUTH ELMSALL.—Mrs. B. CARRINGTON, 106, Chapel Lane.
PUTNEY, S.W. 15.—J. C. LAYTON, 17, Roskell Road.
WISBECH.—W. LEMMON, "The Chase," Emneth.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. R. BELL, 39, Frank Street.
ROTHERHAM.—T. BRADLEY, 12, Seaton Street, Thurnscoe East.
CANTERBURY.—T. H. ELLIS, 2, Clyde Street.
SHEFFIELD.—T. HART, 61, Westwood Row, Chapeltown.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—J. T. Hurman, 28, Moorland Road, S.
WEST LOTHIAN.—Mrs. T. MEEK, 31, East Whitburn.
HAMILTON.—Mrs. O. McENEANY, 20 Lamb Street.
DEVONPORT.—W. MURRAY, 4, North Down Crescent, Ford.
TREALAW.—J. PEMBERTON 336, Brithweunydd

## Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

BRISTOL.—C. DARDO, Nibley Yate.
MANCHESTER.—G. GARNER, 119, Moss Lane East, Moss Side.
RUGELEY.—Mrs. E. HALL, 51, Lion Street.
SHEFFIELD.—S. BARBER, 50, Chelmsford Street, Attercliffe.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. H. CALOW, 5, Mansfield Road, Clowne.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. M. GRIFFITHS, 22, Lewis Street, Penycraig.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. E. HOWEMAN, 35, Morgan Street, Parr.

## Accident Benefits £3 per week.

CARLTON.—Mrs. BIRD, 14, Park Road.
HIGHBURY, N. 5.—Mrs. A. FISH, 23, Heather Road.
CARDENDEN.—Mrs. GEDDES, 2, Back Row.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. IRELAND, 14, Gilbert Str. 4, Everton.
CLAPHAM, S.W. 8.—Mrs. E. A. LITTLEFIELD, 471, Wandsworth Road.
BLAENAVON.—Mrs. D. M. MORGAN, 71, High Street.
WALLASEY.—Mrs. MANSER, 27, Kent Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. E. SMITH, 22, Mansfield Street, Sherwood.

## Accident Benefits £1 per week.

BARNSLEY.—Mrs. E. CLARKE, 38, Station Lane, Wombwell.
WIGAN.—Mrs. E. CUNLIFFE, 12, Northumberland Street, Goose Green.
STEVENAGE.—Mrs. E. W. CALDWELL, Maiden Street, Weston.
WALSALL.—Mrs. C. DEELEY, High Street, Pelsall.
CRUMLIN.—Mrs. E. DEE, 137, Lewis Street.
NEWPORT.—Mrs. L. DOOLAN, 21, Abbey Road, Crumbran.
BLAENAVON.—Mrs. M. EDMONDS, 40, North Street.
ST. ALBANS.—Mrs. FLEMING, 1, High Street, London Colney.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. C. FITZPATRICK, 3, Bankier Street, Calton.
KING'S LYNN.—Mrs. M. A. FAYERS, "Melrose," High Street, Heacham.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. J. GRAHAM, 74, Walker Street.
WEYMOUTH.—Mrs. M. F. GALE, 16, East Street.
FOLKESTONE.—T. J. HAMMOND, 73, Dover Street.
BEAWORTHY, DEVON.—W. HANCOCK, Winsford Cottage Hospital, Halwill.
MANCHESTER.—T. HOWARTH, 103, West Wonder Street, Salford.
WEST KENSINGTON, W 14.—W. HIGGINS, 58, Addison Gardens.
ILKESTON.—Mrs. L. HARVEY, 28, Albany Street.

**To-morrow may be the day you wished you had signed the forms.**

CUT HERE

J.B. 28.4.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date .....

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

J.B. 28.4.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

# SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

**Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.**

***Address : The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.***

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 83, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

A B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start, useful hints. Worth Pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

## AGENTS WANTED.

FREEMAN'S AGENCY.
ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS by selling in your spare time
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, MEN'S & WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS, SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES, WRINGERS, BICYCLES, CHINA WARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc
GRAND VALUE.
Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19b, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 80 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 69), 139, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words), 50 papers 5/6. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. 61), Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

10,000-WORD new Mail Order Business Guide (illustrated), 1/6. 32-page Catalogue, 2d.—J. & R. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

A LONDON West End Address will help your Mail Order Business. Prospectus.—Empire Offices, 37, Albemarle Street, London, W.

ANY ONE with a taste for lettering can earn £5 weekly at home; new profession; unlimited scope; rapid tuition.—Write, Gordon Service, 17, Bristol.

## BARGAIN SALES.

AN easy way to buy a fashionable Suit, Raincoat, Costume, Boots, Watches, etc., is on Masters Credit Terms, from 4/- monthly. Write for illustrations and free patterns.—Masters, Ltd., 62, Hope Street, Rye, Sussex.

A POSTCARD to the British Cycle Mfg. Co., Ltd., Bristol Heath Rd., Birmingham, will bring to you our wonderful factory-to-rider offer of an £8 ASAX cycle for £4 19s. 6d. 14 days' approval. Packed free. Carriage paid. Credit terms arranged. Write to-day for No. 230 Catalogue.

PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENTS for 1/6. Send us any photograph, together with P.O. for 1/6, and you will receive in a few days a lovely 20 in. x 16 in. enlargement, packed and delivered post free to your address. Money back if not satisfied.—NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY, 313, Norfolk Lane, SHEFFIELD.

BILLIARD Table to fit your dining table, also billiard and dining tables; beautiful designs, all sizes, 4 ft., 5 ft., 7 ft., 8 ft. and 9 ft.; cash or easy monthly payments; also full-size tables; repairs executed; billiard sundries supplied.—Free lists sent on application to E. J. Riley, Limited, Barbican Works, Accrington.

PEACH'S CURTAINS. — Spring Catalogue Free. Lace, Net, Casement Curtainings, Muslins, Cretonnes, Blinds, Hosiery, Linens, Laces.—S. PEACH AND SONS, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

SEAT KERBS from 37/6; Divan Chairs from 99/-; other home bargains direct from makers. Write for catalogue.—Bournes Supply Co., Desk N., Imperial Buildings, Dale End Birmingham.

CYCLISTS!—A monster 144-page Illustrated Bargain Book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE for a postcard. It offers you 50/- better value in Cycles, 25 per cent. saving on Tyres, and Knock-out prices for Accessories. If you want the rock-bottom, best market, secure this valuable free book without delay.—Write, Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 69, Pudsham, Burnley.

CATESBY'S CURTAINS.—Newest designs at lowest prices. Profits drastically cut to make this offer your best chance for beautiful lace curtains, casement fabrics and drapery goods. Correct curtains for every window. Catalogue and patterns free if you request No. M.9. (19), Catesbys, Ltd., London, W.1.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 4½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. Graves LTD., SHEFFIELD.

FRENCH Headphones, 4,000 ohms, 15/11 pair while they last.—E. T. Corry, 2200, High Holborn, W.C., 3, New Oxford Street, W.C., 85a, Southampton Row, W.C.

WOOLS.—Double-knitting, Fingering, Sports, Shetland Floss, Angora Rabbit, Camel, etc. Buy direct from Scotland. Patterns post free. C. & E. Grant (Dept. 2), Woollen Merchants, Union Street, Aberdeen.

THE "Playground" Brand of Boys' School Boots. Best boot built at price. Sizes 11-1, 2/6; 2-5, 11/6. Black or tan. Post, 6d. extra. Attwell, Bootmaker, 148, Rotwell Rd., Bristol.

CYCLISTS!—"Catalogue, Please," 2½d. postcard will secure for you ABSOLUTELY FREE my 144-page BIG BARGAIN BOOK. The finest possible value in Cycles, Tyres, Accessories, Home and Personal Wants. Satisfaction guaranteed in every transaction. "Captain" Cycles from £5 5s. cash, easy payments 2/- deposit. Tyres from 4/9. Tubes, 1/-. Thousands of accessories. It's a mighty fine list, and free.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Barnsley.

WIRE BARGAINS!!—Ideal for training peas, beans, fruit trees, tomatoes, arches, hops, small trees, for greenhouse wiring, clothes-lines, tying purposes, fencing, ventilators, etc. Most handy to have in readiness. Waterproof, pliable, steel stranded and long lasting. Drums free. Cash price 10/6 per mile (full 1,760 yds.). Write for free samples and list of bargains to-day.—Govt. Stores, 291, Seymour Road, Lytham.

MOTOR-CYCLE Delivery Outfit for sale, 1921 model, thoroughly overhauled, replated, etc., as new. Also 3 Competition 6-h.p. Combinations, winners of gold medals in big trials, and several demonstration and competition solo machines. All these machines are in good condition and are for disposal at bargain prices.—Full particulars on application to the makers, Martinsyde, Ltd., Maybury Hill, Woking.


FOR your children's sake use Clean Milk. You are sure of absolute Purity when you buy Nestlé's. Use it for infant feeding; use it for cooking and at the table.

# NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Cash Prices 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

*Write for the Nestlé Recipe Book—Free on request.*

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.



# A CLEANER SPRING CLEAN THIS SPRING

Do you want a spring cleaning hint? Of course you do.

A little Gre-Solvent on a damp cloth will remove dirt instantly. Try it on dirty paint work or enamel. It is delightful to use because it has a faint aroma that is pleasant and refreshing.

Gre-Solvent is also invaluable for cleaning pots and pans, enamelled ware, marble and the insides of gas ovens. And at the end of the day it will cleanse your hands as nothing else can, removing all stains and leaving them soft and smooth.

*PERKIN & CO LTD. Junction Works Leeds.*

*In Tins 4½., 6d. and 1/9. From Grocers Stores, Ironmongers and Garages*

GRE-SOLVENT
MILES AHEAD OF SOAP


"CHARLIE'S WANGLE" Game, 1/6. All the rage in America. Latest, most exciting. Any number players.—Scotts', 17, Greyhound Lane, Streatham, London.

## LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-; singing Canaries 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 27, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

## DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. —Harris Tweed Dept., 2, James-St., Stornoway.

BEAUTIFUL LEATHER, 20 colours, 6d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for patterns.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

## MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

CAN YOU WRITE SONG WORDS?—Delightful melodies composed ready for publication. Piano scores to airs, music criticised, revised, band parts arranged. Clients: Hetty King, Billy Merson, Ella Shields, Ernie Mayne.—London's Famous Composer, Digby Arona, Offley Road, Brixton.

## EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

SALESMANSHIP, Advertising, Window-dressing, Sales Letter Writing, taught by post. Positions found for Students.—Dept. 39, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT.
THE
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
The School that
TRAINS YOU FOR A POSITION.
Fees from 3 guineas.
Call and see the Secretary personally, or write for free illustrated prospectus.
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
5 & 6, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME BY EFFICIENCY!—The Longspeare Correspondence Tuition Service trains you in Accountancy, Pitman's Shorthand and other commercial subjects. Coaches for London Association of Accountants' Exms. Fees moderate.—Write for FREE Booklet, and take the first step on the road to SUCCESS and a HIGHER SALARY.—Address, Bridge Street, Framlingham, Suffolk.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Eldyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 30-36, High Street, Colmot, Derbyshire.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Parties, free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Ruston Road, London, S.W.4.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 29-33, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing, remarkable 29-5. book on genuine home cure sent privately, 3d.—H. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES; highly recommended for athletics, cyclists, etc.; 1/6, post free; better qualities, 2/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest price.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. B.H.), 29-33, Worcester Street, Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

NEW Life to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

CATARRH is a dangerous disease which frequently leads to Head Noises, Deafness, Impaired Vision, Asthma and Bronchial Troubles. ACTINA alone will cure you—Write for free booklet and details of fortnight's trial offer.—Actina Company, Dept. 46, 18, Nelson Chambers, High Street, Birmingham.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.D., Specialist (Dept. K.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1923K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS.—This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Carter's Remedy," 2/6 bel., p.f., or write for partics., "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

EPILEPTICS requiring a genuine Home-made Remedy should write for full particulars of the finest remedy yet discovered.—Prescription free from Whitby & Co., Desk B., Winsford, Cheshire.

LIVE Again.—Semino rebuilds Nerves. Partics., sample 3d.—Wilson, Manchester Rd., Bradford.

SURGICAL GOODS, Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Enemas, Syringes, Belts, etc. Write for free Catalogues (Dept. 2), Blake's Medical Stores, Bristol.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

NEXT TIME you're "fed up" with endless stitches, remember this—a 2d. stamp to us will fetch you a free sample of "Mend-a-Tear," which will abolish stitches for mending. Remember! — Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 22, Granby Mills, Leicester.

# TWICE as many Cigarettes for your Money NOW

You can now enjoy cigarettes at pre-war price. Although the Tobacco Duty is still more than double pre-war, Godfrey Phillips Ltd., London, lead the way with

Godfrey Phillips'

# DERBY

## CIGARETTES

**10 for 3D.** In card packet with picture.

**5 for 1½D.** In card packet.

*Ask your Tobacconist To-day.*

Godfrey Phillips, Limited, London & Manchester.

# GRIP!

## THE SECRET OF DUMB-BELL EXERCISES

Dumb-bell exercises are in the front rank for helping to keep you fit and well—but—mere waving of the arms up and down or sideways, with slackened muscles, is waste of time—you must have "grip" all the time.

## SANDOW'S WONDERFUL RINGING DUMB-BELLS

accurately regulate your grip to your increasing strength—a bell rings when the grip is right—and rings the instant it is slackened. It means that you get ALL the benefit from every exercise. Adjustable from 20 to 100 lbs. pressure by the mere turn of a screw.

Complete with Illustrated Chart of Exercises: Enamelled, 12/6 per pair; Nickel Plated, 15/- per pair. May be obtained of all Sports Dealers throughout the World. If you have any difficulty send Cash direct to:—

**STANDARD HEALTH APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (Dept. J.), 7, Percy St., London, W.1.**

Vol. XXXIII. No. 862.
Week ending Saturday,
Apr. 28, 1923. Two cents.

# JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
*Telephone:* Gerrard 9866
*Telegrams:* Heroically, London

*For the People——*
*the Right to Justice and Truth.*

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

## The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*

**Anyone Say Reparations?**

The sum of £10,000,000 in German gold has just been deposited in the Bank of England. It's a great game!

**Nothing to Shout About.**

Although the cost of living is the lowest for six years it is still 74 per cent. above pre-war. Retail prices in many instances would not bear investigation.

**Still Time.**

The price of beer has fallen—which is good—but the breakfast table is unrelieved of its taxes—which is bad. There's still time to rectify this.

**Sweet Expense.**

The sugar tax is 14 times above pre-war rate and about eleven times more revenue is raised from it. It is a tax on the raw material of many industries. It must come down.

**Make a Clean Sweep.**

A special Bill to deal with slum clearance is foreshadowed. It is the other side of the housing problem, and needs to be tackled with equal earnestness.

**Back to Barbarism.**

What is the Foreign Office doing about the widespread slavery in Abyssinia? The facts are not in dispute, and the matter involves the honour of Britain. Wake up someone!

**Experiment Gone Mad.**

It is incredible that anyone should take seriously the crazy proposal to feed children on ice-cream for a month. We are glad to see the N.S.P.C.C. is taking action.

**A Stab in the Back.**

There are certain disgruntled office-seekers who could, if they liked, throw a lot of light on false rumour of the Premier's resignation. It was a case of the wish being father to the thought.

**They Have Cause!**

It is not surprising that Americans are lost in admiration for Britain's financial stability. All the same the Old Country *does* take a lot of beating once it decides to see a job through.

**A Humane Measure.**

The Bill to make better provision for the children of unmarried parents should soon be law. The kiddies are not to blame in such cases, and it is the State's duty to see that they have every chance of citizenship.

**No Reasonable Cause.**

House coals are up 5s. a ton. No wonder the miners are restive and want a searching inquiry into coalowners' profits.

**Profiteers! O Profiteers!**

Butchers are the latest retailers to be playing the game of keeping up prices artificially. It's a matter housewives should keep a sharp eye on.

**A Provocative Peer.**

Lord Rothermere is demanding the abolition of the dole. We agree—if he can show the way to providing work instead. But apparently he wants the unemployed to starve.

**A Welcome Revival.**

It is good news that the Brighton diamond-cutting factory is to be restarted. This training-ground for disabled ex-Service men should never have been closed.

**That's the Stuff!**

The Bulgarian Government is making all Communists live in communes and work for their living. Such a plan would quickly cure a lot of our own hot-heads.

**Disastrous Folly.**

The repudiation of the Trade Agreement with Russia is being contemplated. Such a sinister piece of shortsightedness must on no account be allowed.

**Incompetence and Illegality.**

Twenty-seven raids, two illegal arrests, and a lot of comic "scare" stories is the net result of the latest failure of Scotland Yard's "Special Branch." Does the Home Secretary really know the facts?

**At It Again.**

The Ministry of Health can surely find something better to do than order local authorities to charge more for their houses than they are worth. The Bermondsey Council says the Ministry's commands are "iniquitous." What a white elephant it is!

The Directors,
Odhams Press Limited,
Long Acre, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—
We have examined the Company's accounts and records relating to the undermentioned issues of John Bull and certify that the Net Sales (exclusive of all free copies) after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue were as set out below:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Issue dated* | *Mar.* | *17th,* | 1923 | *713,377* |
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Yours faithfully, FRANKLIN WILD & CO., MARWICK MITCHELL & CO., Chartered Accountants, London, 18th April, 1923.

**A Ripe Opportunity.**

Now that De Valera's rebellion has collapsed the Free State Government has a chance to make peace secure. It is the statesman's opportunity.

**No More Delay!**

The Health Minister is to make inquiries about the scandal of London's ambulances. He'll get a shock—and we trust he'll act on the information he obtains.

**Safety First.**

The proposal that all poisons should be coloured to prevent mistakes and misuse is a good one. The regulations governing their sale also want tightening up.

**Robbing the Children.**

The wholesale and retail prices of milk prove that the consumer is being fleeced by someone. It is the children who really suffer, and Parliament should take the matter in hand.

**Our Legal Grandmothers.**

The Appeal Court has decided that shop-keepers may not sell acid drops after 8 p.m. on Sundays, though on other days they may. "Piffle" is the only right word.

**Some Dole!**

The Government is subsidising every man, woman and child in Mesopotamia to the tune of £3 per annum, and 79,000 people in Palestine get £20 per head per annum. That brings it home, doesn't it?

**Stinnes Still Busy.**

Hugo Stinnes is secretly offering to defray the expenses of a party of British Labour leaders on a tour of investigation in the occupied regions with power to extend their inquiries to Germany's paying capacity. What is the game?

**What Says Cuno?**

The German Petroleum Company declares a net profit of 625 million marks as against 33 million last year. This allows a dividend of 400 per cent. as against 25 per cent. last year. "Poor" Germany!

**Dragging up the Dead.**

Mr. Justice Hill has ruled in the case of Kent *v.* Atkinson that a husband may claim damage against a co-respondent though his wife be dead. We can but hope and expect that sense of shame will prevent what the law permits.

**A Wise Plan.**

For Naval and Military and Air Force Services the estimate for the year at £122,011,000 is £11,011,000 in excess of the expenditure of last year and between forty and fifty million more than pre-war expenditure. Get out of Mespot and free the tea-pot.

**Spare the Rod and Spoil the "Mother."**

In order to teach her young children not to play with fire, Sarah Coleman of Sheffield placed their hands against the bars of a hot grate. Severe burns naturally resulted, but when summoned she was merely put on probation. A severe lesson for the poor kiddies, but an absurdly inadequate one for this inhuman woman.

**Morally a Murderer.**

Beatrice May Powell, of Rhymney, Cardiff, is yet another girl who has paid the price of woman's frailty and man's treachery. She discovered herself to be in a certain condition and drowned herself in a wash-tub. The Coroner said "Whoever was responsible for the girl's condition, was responsible for her death." We call a spade a spade and say that the man is morally a murderer.

**Death, the Employer.**

Death has settled the out-of-work problem for poor James Coburn, found run-over and dead on the St. Helen's Road. He and another man used to get up at 2 o'clock in the morning and tramp many miles in the hope of getting a job in a St. Helen's coal-pit, and then failing, walk back to Liverpool, whence they started. As the Coroner said at the inquest, such men are worthy of praise. But worthy surely of more; worthy of the work they seek.

**Soft Heads and Hard Hearts.**

Ely Burial Board believe that their duty to a dead soldier does not end with his funeral: they feel that they ought to protect his grave from the attentions of his sweetheart. This young lady wished to place a small marble slab on the grave of C.Q.M.S. Worrell; but the Board argued that they had given the owner of the grave the right to be buried in it but not the right to have a small marble slab for a head piece. Looks as if some members of the Board have marble hearts.

**Well Done, N.S.P.C.C.**

A ten years old Grimsby lad stole 2s. 6d. from his stepmother and when charged, his father's solicitor requested that the boy should be sent to an industrial school, because he was "unmanageable." The N.S.P.C.C. Inspector opposed the suggestion and the ten-year-old "criminal" was rightly placed in his grandmother's care, who said his conduct was exemplary. She evidently knew the recipe for the "milk of human kindness."

**Tent Dwellers' Tragedy.**

Unemployment brought about their eviction from a house at Macclesfield, because they could not pay their rent, and Mrs. Biggar, her husband, and three poor little children have had to try to live in a field. They could only pitch their tent near a lime pit into which one of the children fell. "A very pathetic case," said the Coroner. Seeing that there are other children and that the lime pit is still there, can he not stir up the authorities to find the unfortunate family a home?

**Sickened by Deferred Hope.**

Understanding that if he could produce an offer of employment the question of his discharge from the institution would be considered, an inmate of the Brentwood Mental Hospital wrote to a resident of his home parish, asking that his name might be considered in connection with any appointment that might become vacant locally, and was astonished when his letter was returned to him stamped "Examined by Committee. Not to be sent." It is not surprising that the poor fellow despairs of release while such an arbitrary censorship is enforced.

**Old-age Cruelty.**

Seizing a cat by its hind legs James Robinson hammered its head against a wall until he had battered its brains out. For this callously cruel crime the Belfast magistrates fined him £4. But even his advanced age ought not to have saved him from six months' hard labour, the brute.

**That Hypocrite Marshall.**

John Marshall, alias Myers, of New Crofton, Wakefield, is a hypocritical rogue. On going to live at Hemsworth, he attended Kingsley Church and undertook parochial work. Under the cloak of religion, posing as an ordination candidate, he swindled a kind-hearted woman and her son. Marshall is a bad lot. His sentence of three months in prison may not do him good, but it will, at least, keep him out of mischief.

**The Unworthy Wife.**

Broken-hearted because his wife had eloped with a lodger, and would not listen to his appeals to return to her home and children, Alfred John Ward, of Nantwich, laid himself on the rails before an express train and was decapitated. The faithless woman was not worthy of the sacrifice he made. Her callous conduct at the inquest was deplorable. No wonder her husband lost faith in womanhood with such a wife.

**Birds and Bars.**

In inflicting costs of five guineas on a man charged before him with omitting to give a number of caged linnets proper care and attention, Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street Magistrate, regretted that he could only reprimand him, a course which we agree will probably not have the slightest effect. This callous fellow, who crowded 16 linnets into a cage measuring 11½ in. by 6½ in. by 21 in., should be taught what it means to be behind prison bars.

**Scholars Cane the Teachers.**

The Co-operative Wholesale Society is trying to reduce the wages of the workers at its Pelaw and Silvertown works. But as the workers have imbibed good trade-union doctrines, propagated by the C.W.S., they have threatened a strike. And yet the Co-operative movement is always cited by the Socialists as an evidence of their ideal and socialised commerce. The naughty Pelaw and Silvertown workers ought not to snap at the hand that strokes them.

**A Tea Trickster.**

J. Dixon, of the "Sturgo" Stores, 169a, Oxford Road, Manchester, must be numbered among the cash bonus tea tricksters to whom we have frequently made reference. He advertises that he will guarantee all regular weekly purchasers of "Sturgo" tea, the sum of £4 4s. on condition that they give away six extra packets to six friends, and thus secure six new customers. As he declares that under no circumstances will he accept more than three customers in one street, some of them will have to travel a long way to get that £4 4s.

**Fees First.**

A concern calling itself "The Ladies' Agency," which claims to be "Registered Under Distinguished Patronage," whatever that may mean, sends out circulars from King Edward Avenue, Broadstairs, to persons who advertise for situations, offering "some really excellent posts now vacant in all parts of England, London, country and seaside." Though "No Fee" is printed in capital letters, a charge of 2s. 6d. is demanded in advance to defray cost of correspondence, etc., for which there appears to be no justification in view of the Agency's assertion that employers pay all office fees.

**Housing Immorality.**

Dr. Ramsay, the Mayor of Blackburn, has come to the conclusion that much lamentable immorality is caused through "the indiscriminate mixing of the sexes in furnished rooms." Presumably, he means that there is a shortage of houses. Well, as Mayor, he has a remedy. Why not *start* a housing scheme?

**One of the "Tabbies."**

At Manchester an elderly woman applied for an ejectment order against her sub-tenant because their three-year-old child was allowed to run to the front door, wearing little more than his birthday frock. The application was refused, for as the Stipendiary remarked, the only objection was, that the child might catch cold! A "biff" for the landlady and well deserved too.

**A Great-hearted Guardian.**

Learning that an inmate of the Leeds Infirmary was in a precarious state and might be restored by a transfusion of blood from a healthy person, Mr. J. Harwood, a member of the York Board of Guardians, gave a pint and a half of his blood. Though his noble action failed to save the sick man's life, it is worthy of being recorded to his credit in these days when Guardians are so often sadly lacking in consideration for the poor committed to their care.

**Another Asylum Scandal.**

After the exposures in JOHN BULL of the affairs of mental asylums no one expects to find humanitarianism in such institutions. The County Asylum at Hinckley is no exception. If an inmate dies there the relatives are fortunate if they receive the news in less than three days. After many repetitions of these delays the Asylum Committee have at last been kicked into taking the obvious step, in future, of sending the sad news by telegram instead of by letter.

**The Old Lag's Chance.**

James Mack, an old lag who has again appeared at the Old Bailey for purse stealing, has, at any rate, some reason to be grateful to the Recorder, if nobody else. Since his first conviction at 19, this man has spent 34 years of his life in prison, having been 20 times convicted on charges of stealing sums, the total of which amounts to less than £10. The Recorder bound him over and thus gave him a chance at long last. If he had been given one at first, how different his life might have been.

**Flogging a Fee-snatcher.**

H. Elliott Stone, of 3, Doneraile Street, Bishop's Park, London, S.W., advertised: "Man Wanted, General Assistant, busy office. Some mechanical knowledge. Write full details, M., Box —." There was no such vacancy. All applicants received an offer from Stone to draft letters for them for a fee of 5s. One of them, angered by the deception, called on the fee-snatcher, and gave him a good thrashing, and the police, who often show admirable discretion in such cases, refused to accept a charge of assault. That'll "larn" him.

**The Lorry and the Lord.**

A motor lorry driver named Dunstan, driving his heavy lorry down the dangerous part of Duneton Hill, kept to the centre of the road to avoid slipping into the ditch. This would have been permissible had not a luxurious private car been just behind. It contained Lord Leconfield, and this exalted personage became really annoyed with Dunstan. The noble lord brought an action and the Petworth Bench was so impressed—that they fined Dunstan the maximum penalty of £5. Lorry drivers should always make certain who is in the car behind!

**Churches before Houses.**

At the Diocesan Conference at Derby the Bishop of Southwell mournfully deplored the religious condition of the world at large. Then he came from the general to the particular and cited his appeal to the public for £150,000, adding that the income of the society, £6,000, "would not build the nave of one church." Perhaps not, but think how it would help to build houses for the workers!

**A Threat or a Promise?**

The Rev. H. Johnson, Vicar of St. James' Church, Blackburn, has proved himself ridiculously narrow-minded. Before his time, whist drives and dances were arranged by the School Cricket Club and were much enjoyed. He has set his face against them. If they are held, he has told the club, he will cease to be its president. His resignation ought to give the members considerable pleasure.

**Marine Mug Hunters**

Among those engaged in the hunt for mugs seeking employment on ocean liners, is Wallace Purdie, of Brunswick Street, Ardwick, Manchester. Like the rest of his kidney, he is utterly unable to influence appointments, and as we have frequently exposed this class of ramp, anyone who sends him 3s. for information, which they can obtain for nothing from any of the steamship companies, must be possessed of more money than sense.

**Too Mean For Words.**

Allowing that Constable Cleaver, of Chester, was using his own and not public money when he aided and abetted Joseph Frank Mulligan, of Goss Street, to break a stupid law by betting with him in the street, he has proved himself a mean fellow. He won 13s. 4d. and got the money. Mulligan was also fined £5 and £1 and costs for taking the bets, which will scarcely strike a "sport" as fair play.

**Striking Figures.**

As a proof of the fallacious character of the strike as an argument, 7,978 applications for parish relief were made by the jute strikers in Dundee in a fortnight. This number is doubled when affected women and children are included, and as the average sum paid was over 14s., the Council has paid over £5,600 to the strikers. What a waste of the ratepayers' money, just because the leaders on both sides are destitute of humanitarianism and statesmanship.

**The Bridge of Undersize.**

Is it not about time that the Portsmouth Town Council attempted to reduce the local death-rate by minimising the dangers and terrors of Fratton Bridge? This spot, with its crowds of pedestrians and congested vehicular traffic, is a veritable death trap; but an enterprising Council could amend this by constructing sub-bridges each side of Fratton Bridge for pedestrians and so leaving Fratton Bridge to the vehicles. The question remains: *is* the Council interested in the welfare of the citizens? The answer is in the infirmary!

**A Slum Scandal.**

When the leaseholders of the Shute Park Estate at Plymouth lapsed in March, and the property reverted to the Charity Trust Committee, on behalf of the Guardians, it was found that fifty-nine people were living in seven cottages in Skardon Court. A family of nine occupied two rooms, and one dilapidated water closet had to suffice for the whole fifty-nine tenants. And the late leaseholder is a prominent member of the Plymouth Town Council, and a Justice of the Peace!

**Dazzling Rapidity.**

At the same meeting that the Dundee Corporation decided to discuss the local housing problem, the Town Clerk reported that an automatic stamp machine had just been installed in the High Street. This installation was decided upon two years ago; it is to be hoped that the houses are not less swift in making their appearance.

**Good! But Don't do it Again.**

A Northamptonshire schoolboy, Stephen Champ, aged 16, casually climbed Beachy Head upwards of 500 feet. Seen on the way up a rescue party was hastily organised. The rescuers found Stephen eating his lunch at the foot of the Cliff, quite unconscious of the fact that he had been in imminent danger of death. Just like a schoolboy.

**Premium Bonds.**

Lord Decies' revival of the old-time suggestion that Premium Bonds should be issued in aid of the national revenue, may have a better chance when, in the sweet by-and-by, a Chancellor of the Exchequer has brought into practical politics a tax on betting. A Government which obtains sanction to "legalise" betting, should have small trouble in persuading M.P.s to raise revenue from a national gamble.

## *STANDING BY*

*By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

*THERE is a comradeship of the sea which is as fine in its way as anything to be found among the sons of men.*

*It is proverbial that sailors stand by each other on the deep.*

*An unwritten law among those "who go down to the sea in ships," is that life must be freely jeopardised to save life.*

*One of the gravest counts against the Germans in the late war was that their submarine campaign broke through this ancient and honourable tradition—conduct which seamen everywhere have felt it hard to forgive.*

*Yet only the other day the crew of a German steamer owed their escape from destruction to the persistent heroism of British fishermen in a long all-night struggle to make and keep communication in the teeth of a raging tempest.*

*Not infrequently in mid-ocean the force of a storm is so great that a rescuing ship cannot get near enough to another in difficulties to be able to render effective assistance.*

*In such a case the usual signal "I'll stand by," is a message of wonderful cheer.*

*It is a great deal to know that someone is standing by when the night is black about us and the waves run high.*

*Very often the friend in need is unable to render much material help, but he helps all the same by simply standing by.*

*To be conscious that he is there at all puts heart into us and enables us to make a better fight against odds.*

*The fair-weather friend is common enough; it is the foul-weather friend who sweetens life.*

*The former flies when fortune turns against us; the latter then reveals his worth.*

*He may not be able to stop the ship from sinking; as often as not his resources are unequal to such a strain; but he may keep us from sinking with it, and we live to sail again.*

*Blessed is the man or woman who thus helps to maintain hope and courage in the sore beset.*

**Fair, Please.**

A large number of unemployed ex-Service men in Monmouth would like to know why the Hereford Transport Company, Limited, employ women as conductors on their omnibuses. While so many fine fellows who served their country are workless, without pension or dole, and are hard put to it to find food for their families, this preference for petticoats is difficult to justify.

**Making the Germans Pay.**

A German ship captain committed a breach of the Merchant Shipping Act in the Tyne. He told the West Hartlepool Magistrates he did not know he was doing wrong. Fined £50 and £10 costs—marks not accepted—he said he did not know how he was going to pay. An order was made for the ship to be held until the money was forthcoming. There's one German who *will* pay.

**A War Legacy.**

During the war the Ministry of Munitions spent thousands of pounds in building a factory on water-logged ground at Lavant, near Chichester. It has never been completed and no one knows why it was begun. It is now to be sold in separate lots and the sale, it is hoped, will return to the taxpayer about a tenth of the money that was wasted on it. The ways of Government departments are past finding out.

**Ministerial Dullards.**

The Ministry of Health has informed the Southport Health Committee that it would be impracticable to stamp the date of canning on each tin of preserved food, because, it is stated, variations in the corrosive actions of food make the period of time during which they are wholesome very uncertain. That's just the very point to make the dating desirable, and anybody but a Government department would see it.

**Outraged Dignity.**

It was really too bad of Mr. Burke, senior, to be disrespectful to the Petersfield Bench. Burke's two sons ought to have applied at the Court, but the father came alone and explained that as he was out of work he could not afford to pay their fares from Portsmouth. The Chairman's dignity was painfully trodden on and he waxed eloquent over this act of "disrespect to the court." Impudence must not be allowed to override dignity!

**Pigs in Pokes.**

Wilton, Hallett & Co., of 39, Burton Road, London, S.W., who ask for a fee of one pound for instructions how to carry on a money-making business, declare that their scheme is not of the type frequently exposed in John Bull. As their circulars afford no indication of the nature of their proposition, but are mainly concerned with securing the fee, we can only conclude that we must have overlooked them among a host of other concerns which invite people to buy a pig in a poke. We give no countenance to such practices.

**Work for Missionaries.**

Utrecht boasts of more churches and missionaries than any other communit of the same size in South Africa. The sky pilots who devote so much energy to Christianising the natives, might well turn their attention to civilising some of the settlers. A local farmer, named A. A. Johnstone, charged with assaulting a frail young native girl, and fastening her up for two days with a heavy trek chain secured to her bare neck, was recently fined £10. Such a brutal atrocity degrades the name of Briton, and such a sentence travesties British justice.

# A "PRINCESS" WE DON'T WANT

## Her Unenviable Record

UNLESS the authorities awake to their responsibilities, the notorious self-styled Princess Wizniewska will have contrived to gain entrance into this country, making an important addition to the already long list of undesirables.

She seems to have become possessed of a duly attested British visa for her passport, and is now advising her friends that she intends to seek congenial asylum in London among her former friends after being driven out of France.

The surprising feature of the business is the shortness of the official memory in regard to this woman, for at one time she was so notorious that she would not have dared to present herself at a British Embassy or Consulate abroad to seek facilities for reaching London.

During the war it was found that she was not only a German spy, but that she was a woman who had all the characteristics of the worst type of adventuress, and it was more by good luck than anything else that she escaped sharing the fate of Mata Hari.

The "Princess" lived in different Paris suburbs with successive men who were undoubtedly German agents, and when the French Government was removed to Bordeaux, she moved with it her quest for information of value to her German masters.

She did not neglect opportunities of pursuing her amours simultaneously with her work as spy for Germany, and the French authorities have made no bones about roundly asserting that she knew more about the death of one of her lovers than she cared to reveal.

When she found she was under suspicion the "Princess" made the move that all spies make under such circumstances, she offered her services to the French Secret Service, and the French officials made a pretence of accepting the offer, though they were astounded at the terms demanded by the lady. In due course they satisfied themselves that their suspicions were correct, but the "Princess" fled.

It was not until about a year ago that the lady emerged from her retirement, and took up again her role as a patriotic Polish Princess devoted to the cause of the Allies.

Apparently she imagines that the public memory is short, or, at least, that the official classes have forgotten her war record, for she boasts that she will have no difficulty in entering this country, and boasts, too, of the many powerful friends she can count on when she reaches London. It will be a scandal of the worst kind if she is allowed to land here under the plea that she is a Pole. As a matter of fact, she is nothing of the kind. Though she claims to be the widow of a Pole, she is really a French subject, and the French Government would be only too glad to lay hands on her in order that she may be tried for her offences against France.

If she attempts to carry out her threat to land in this country, she should be arrested and handed over to France.

# Girl Tortured for 12 Years

***YET another tragic case of official cruelty to children has been brought to our notice, and the staggering fact is revealed that it has occurred, and is still being persisted in, at the identical "Special Industrial School" which we have already had occasion to denounce. The state of affairs to which we here call attention requires immediate inquiry and prompt action. It is nothing less than mental torture.***

OUR recent exposure of the terrible way in which poor Edith Mansfield is being kept in Stoke Park Industrial School, Stapleton, Bristol, has fluttered the dovecots of officialdom. But officialdom will make no move to release this unhappy girl, if it can avoid doing so and continue to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

We have a letter from the Society of Superintendents of Certified Schools, signed by Mr. I. Ellis, the President. He does not deny our story that this Edith Mansfield was sent at eleven years of age to Stoke Park, to be detained there until she was sixteen, that she is still there, although she is now twenty-two, that she works there like a drudge, that letters from her heart-broken mother are kept back from her, and that in all probability she will be kept a prisoner for the rest of her life.

What he does say is that Stoke Park *is not* an Industrial School except "*in a very limited and special sense.*" We pass over the fact that it is officially called Stoke Park Special Industrial School.

If this is all the defence that officialdom can make it would be better for it to maintain before the public a respectful silence. But our indictment of the very limited and special Stoke Park Institution does not rest alone on the tragic and appalling story of Edith Mansfield.

Take the case of Dora Thorp, which is an even worse indictment of this horrible and cruel system. Dora was sent to Stoke Park when she was twelve years of age. She is now in her twenty-fourth year! She is still there.

She ought never to have been sent there at all. She had committed no offence. Her mother is a poor woman living at 117, Chalton Street, King's Cross, of respectable character, who supports herself by hard work. For twelve years she has been trying to get her child back again. She has tried in vain.

Twelve years ago, when Dora was attending an ordinary school in Islington, her mother moved to Wharfdale Road and sent the little girl to a new school. She received a summons because little Dora was no longer at the Islington School. The School Superintendent, acting upon a report from Islington, told the magistrates that the child was not attending school. The mother called the Superintendent a liar.

That appears to have clinched the matter. The Superintendent urged that the child should be taken away from such a mother, and the magistrate ordered an examination of the child by the Court doctor. She was found to be perfectly clean in every respect, both in person and in clothing. The superientendent mended his hand, and asked for an order that the child be detained until she was sixteen. The order was granted. The child, who had committed no crime, was sent to Stoke Park. She is still there.

When Dora was seventeen her mother inspired with joyous hope went to the Home Office, and asked personally for her daughter's discharge. She was told by the Home Secretary's department that Dora was out of their hands. Every year since her discharge has been applied for. It has not been granted.

Sometimes it is alleged that she is childish and young for her age. Sometimes it is said that she is mentally deficient.

Finally, the grandmother and grandfather came forward and offered to keep the girl as their own child. Authority callously replied that it did not feel disposed to grant this request.

Officialdom states, in order to keep its prisoners, that Dora is not fit for any kind of work. This is apparently to be understood in a "very limited and special sense." Dora has to work at Stoke Park, from morn till night, at the hard task of wool-weaving. But she gets paid for it—also in a very limited and special sense. The generous wage is eighteenpence a month!

Some two years ago Dora was taken seriously ill. The distracted mother, who is a charwoman, had no money to go to Bristol to see her child, who was expected to pass away at any minute. The mother asked for a ticket, offering to pay the cost back by instalments. This natural request was not granted.

We know that the stories of Edith Mansfield and Dora Thorp arouse deep-seated indignation in the public mind. But officialdom cares nothing for that. It has been attacked, and it makes no answer except to bang and bolt and bar the doors which enclose helpless girls in a living tomb.

What has Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, to say? Is he satisfied with this conspiracy of silence? Is he content to rely for his justification on the absurd and preposterous letter from the President of the Society of Superintendents of Certified Schools?

# Blatant Official Foolery

## R.I.C. Pensioner's Plight

AN extraordinary case of muddled management by the R.I.C. officials has been brought to light by the articles that have been appearing in these columns.

We have had occasion again and again to point out how harsh and unfair are the ways of officialdom in dealing with heroes who have risked their lives in the service.

Here is the case in point.

David Hartery, after serving in the war, answered the call of the R.I.C. Having duly delivered the goods, he was released from further service in the general disbandment which took place in February, 1922.

How was this man rewarded? He was granted a life pension of fifty pounds a year, which he received for some time, when he was told, in common with other pensioners, that he could commute his allowance if he wished. This apparently was an inducement to set himself up in business. So he duly applied, in August last, to commute his pension.

In the course of the subsequent negotiations he became familiar with Procrastination, Perversity and other official obstacles with which ex-Service men are so familiar. All sorts of excuses were made for the delay in settling his case, and each time he journeyed to officialdom it cost him in fares alone one shilling and twopence a day, *for by this time Hartery was in Edmonton Workhouse.*

There followed a gleam of hope. He was told that if he submitted a list of businesses which he proposed to start, officialdom would approve one, so that he might buy it outright. He submitted several. Finally one—a fried-fish shop—was agreed upon. It was situated in Markfield Road, Tottenham, and would cost £575.

Everything seemed merry and bright now. Hartery considered the deal almost done and told the owner of the shop so. All he had to do now was to pass the doctor—*who duly turned him down.* He was "not fit to take on the business," so that when his troubles all seemed at an end his dreams of starting on his own were all shattered.

Broken-hearted, Hartery appealed again to the authorities. It was answered by the temporary reduction of his pension to 14s. 6d. a week, so, that the poor fellow had to go back to Edmonton Workhouse, from where he now sends us his sad story. Curiously enough, we have before us a certificate from the Medical Officer at the North Middlesex Hospital declaring Hartery to be "in good physical health and free from any ascertainable organic disease."

Now, what is the mystery? Surely this is a case into which the Pensions Commutation Board, R.I.C., National Debt Office, Old Jewry, might well look into.

# We Trap the Temptress

***THE following article describes an amazing interview between the Special Commissioner of "John Bull" and the woman Jane Wolff, an unscrupulous harpy who acts as agent for the infamous Aleister Crowley. The appointment described was carefully planned, and the unsuspecting woman, for all her wiles, fell easily into the trap. The conversation reported below throws a lurid light upon the efforts of these vampires to inveigle innocent people to their doom***

THE opportunity to trap Aleister Crowley's principal agent in this country came to us quite unexpectedly, and it is safe to say that in his exposure of the wiles of the wicked our Special Commissioner has never had an easier task. Naturally there was need to resort to artifice of a simple kind; otherwise not even the ingenuous Jane Wolff, stupid for all her duplicity, would have consented to give the game away.

A meeting was arranged for Sunday afternoon at four o'clock in the neighbourhood of the Piccadilly Tube station. The proffered invitation of our representative to a Piccadilly restaurant was readily accepted. The resulting interview, described below, confirmed the whole of the information published in recent issues concerning the movements of Aleister Crowley, his visit to London and his unceasing efforts to extend the corrupt sphere of influence which has its centre at the Sicilian Abbey, whose monstrous record we have exposed.

A middle-aged woman, with grey hair bobbed in a girlish manner, with the speaking eyes of a film actress, Jane Wolff was dressed quietly in brown, a costume to which a purple jumper gave a touch of colour. She wore a dainty hat and a grey fur collarette, clasped tightly round her neck. One might have taken her for the manageress of one of the West End department houses, going out for an afternoon cup of tea.

The interview was marked throughout with effusive demonstrations from Jane at the pleasure of meeting our representative, to whom, under pressure, she actually confided the secret of her present address.

She gave it as 56, Russell Square, London, W.C., where she said she was staying temporarily. She added that she was negotiating for a studio where she could make safe and secret appointments with clients.

She went away quite satisfied with the result of her interview.

* * *

She will not know until she reads these lines that she has walked into a carefully prepared trap.

The prospective clients, out of whom she had hoped to lift at least a hundred guineas for the "Master," had outmatched her cunning. They were not the guileless dupes she had thought them.

They were the Special Commissioner of John Bull, and the witness he took with him!

* * *

Crowley and the woman Wolff who works with him, thought they were escaping all observation in London, merely because they had evaded the attention of the police.

Their movements, however, have been known to this journal since Crowley, as we announced recently, came secretly to England to enlist new victims, and to replenish his exchequer which he is anxious to do by the sale of pictures.

It was not possible at first to get into direct touch with the elusive and dangerous Jane Wolff. We learned, however, that she could be communicated with through a firm called the Western Engraving Company, described as die sinkers and press makers, of 18, Broad Street, Golden Square, W.1.

On enquiry there, our Special Commissioner was told that Jane Wolff was very busy with engagements, but she could be met by special appointment by people who were willing and able to pay the Cefalu fees.

The arrangement was then made for the meeting at Piccadilly Circus, certain details of dress being agreed upon for indentification.

We propose to tell the whole story of this interview without any reservation, because it shows that the King of Depravity and his satellites are still working their sordid business in devious and underground ways.

Miss Wolff was an excellent conversationalist, a well-spoken and gushing middle-aged woman. She was quite a stranger to London. It was her first visit. The talk ranged from the orchestra to music in general and to grand opera in particular. There was mention of Wagner and Puccini, and then of the Russian Ballet, of Pavlova and Lopokova, Kyasht and Massine, and all the great dancers.

Jane was most interested in this high-brow conversation. But she soon began to show that she was still more interested in her prospective clients. She discovered that the younger one of the two had "speaking eyes." They were eloquent of inspiration for love. And when she touched upon love she became ecstatic.

Ordinary love, she explained, was as well left alone. Such love affairs must be broken off if you are to have the inspiration of soul. "Always keep up there," she said, pointing her manicured hand upwards, "and never come down. If you do, love is dead."

The two clients were deeply impressed. Then our Commissioner was delicately flattered. He was told that he had genius, not the ordinary genius that revealed itself and produced great works of art, but a hidden and mute genius that had never been brought out.

In one way alone could it be really developed and made manifest. The "Master" could do it—Aleister Crowley, the great Seer, the Wonderful Wizard, the Master of Knowledge of the Fruit of the Tree of Good and Evil!

To achieve this great thing it would be necessary for the two clients to go to Sicily, to become residents in the rockbound Abbey of Cefalu. Jane would cheerfully fix that up. The fee would be the mere trifle of fifty guineas each, payable in advance, plus the cost of travelling and other incidentals and the course of "study" would have to be for at least three months.

Eloquently she dilated on the prospect. All that the clients would have to do would be to go into residence there and to submit themselves entirely and unreservedly to the "Master," doing whatsoever he should demand of them!

The clients were much impressed. But they wanted more details. What was meant by giving themselves up entirely into Crowley's hands? Jane Wolff began to explain with the enthusiasm of a devotee.

The work would be hard. They might, at first, find the atmosphere awful. They would have to be initiated into the taking of drugs, in the Crowley manner, which was safe and pleasant. The drugs are an essential part of the system. It may be that the drugs might produce in those who took them tendencies and passions that were ordinarily regarded as vile and bestial. That did not matter.

Aleister Crowley, the eloquent lecturer on Free Love, would deal with all these unpleasant manifestations in the Crowley manner. He would teach them the beauty of ugliness, the secret joy of what an ignorant world denounced as depravity.

* * *

Jane Wolff explained how drugs developed genius, and how a famous musical comedy author, whom she named, can never write brilliantly unless he is under the influence of cocaine. Crowley would teach them the mysterious secret of bringing forth genius under the influence of dope.

There would be company there, strong men and beautiful women, all of them artistic souls, freed from conventionality, and living the life of the emancipated, whose motto is: "Love whom you will, when you will, what you will, and where you will."

There would be literary evenings, when Crowley's own poems and literary works would be read and discussed. A harsh world thought them beastly, which compelled Crowley to have many of them printed only for private circulation.

At last the sickening farrago came to an end. This wretched woman, the confidential emissary of the depraved "Abbot" of Cefalu, had convicted her master out of her own mouth.

* * *

In view of the facts thus elucidated, we repeat our grave warning to the authorities of the Universities, and to the artistic colony at Chelsea, to be on their guard.

We hope that the lesson will also be learned by the authorities, who surely have the necessary resources and capacity to take up the story from the point to which we have brought it, and to do their obvious duty in protecting society against those who still so unscrupulously and disastrously prey upon it.

# MORE "SNOWBALL" FINANCE

## The Responsibility of Lord Carrick

IT is a pity Lord Carrick allowed his name to become associated with Prosperity, Ltd., the snowball insurance scheme which was before the Courts the other day, for his title imparts to it an air of respectability and responsibility which it might not otherwise enjoy.

His lordship may be interested to learn that a precisely similar system is now being worked for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to the United Investors' Association, Ltd.

Having received a circular explaining "a Scientific Method by which £1 not only yields interest with fixed repayment, but secures a cash bonus in addition up to £200," a reader wrote for particulars, and obtained a reply that "the profits of the Association are obtained by loaning out the funds at equitable rates of interest, the Association being registered under the Moneylenders Act."

In the first place it is necessary to take out a bond at the cost of £1, on which interest is to be paid and which is redeemable within five years.

"Then to obtain full commission advantages all you have to do is to obtain 10 further Bondholders amongst your friends and acquaintances. On each Bond disposed of through your introduction a commission of 6d. per bond is payable, these Bondholders in turn each secure a further 10 members, on whose Bonds they, in addition to yourself, participate in commission, and so on, until the maximum commission paid to each Bondholder aggregates £200."

"Thus 1 becomes 10, who become 100, who become 1,000, who become 10,000."

The scheme sounds alluring to such innocents as may not object to being mixed up in a money-lending business, but, in spite of Lord Carrick, we venture the opinion that it is based on actuarial fallacy.

The United Investors' Association, Ltd., is domiciled at 51, Dorset Street, Baker Street, W.1, and its sponsors are W. H. Corcoran, Governing Director, and Edwin Firth, Secretary. We advise our readers to have nothing to do with it or with any variation of this new-fangled version of an old-fashioned and long-exploded system.

# THE MISSING HALF MILLION

## Bring Back the Absconding Financier

WHEN is William Henry B. Quilliam going to be brought back to this country, and compelled to account for the vast sums of money which have been lost by that very remarkable concern, Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd. ?

We can only compare the tragedy of this huge financial crash, accompanied by its trail of wreckage and ruin to the shareholders, to the bursting of the great Bevan Bubble.

When the great crash in Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd., took place, Quilliam, who was its managing director—and who, like Bevan, dominated his fellow-directors — disappeared.

What efforts have been made to find him ? Why has he not been traced ? Why is he not brought back to face the music and to expiate, in whatever way the law may demand, the appalling and gross negligence which has ruined so many of his dupes ?

According to the statement of affairs as shown at the recent winding up of this concern, the total deficiency—or loss suffered by the shareholders—amounted to over half a million pounds !

Where has all this money gone ?

The other directors, including Colonel SirThomas Holdich, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., suggest that it was lost amongst other things by incautious expenditure and German competition, by bad management, and want of foresight and financial ability.

We say it was due entirely to the amazing inability of the other directors to find out what Quilliam was doing with the money obtained from the shareholders.

These directors cannot escape moral liability. So far, the question of legal liability has not been raised. Why ?

It is appalling that a company can be formed which can take half a million of money from the public and throw it into the sea, and that there is no redress whatever if the Managing Director has enough money, and enough enterprise, to book a passage to some destination across the sea !

We say in this case that the moral responsibility of the other directors is increased by the fact that they ought to have known the kind of man Quilliam was. He had been associated with other companies, which were mere ramps for fleecing shareholders.

He was the moving spirit in the British Chamber of Finance, Ltd., and in the Orange River Asbestos Mines, Ltd., formerly of 1, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

What has become of these companies ? Some of the Directors of Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd.—including General Sir Thomas Holdich—were also directors of the Asbestos concern. They ought, therefore, to have known Quilliam's little ways.

Was this man Quilliam's record in these companies such as to justify the directors in giving him practically a free hand with the disastrous Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd. ?

Are these questions not going to be asked, and answered, on behalf of the shareholders, simply because Quilliam has fled the country ? The authorities cannot leave the matter where it is.

It is a scandal reflecting grave discredit on the City of London that so many shareholders should have their lives blighted, and be thrown on the scrapheap of ruined humanity, —and that they should have no better redress than to contemplate a list of distinguished directors.

# A BOY THE POLICE CAN'T CATCH

## Soft Soap and Trusting Traders

WHAT'S in a name the poet asked, and did not stay for an answer. He would have got a very interesting reply if he had put this question to William Cecil Kirby, a bright and enterprising young man who hails from 33, Dalmeny Avenue, Norbury.

William, who is only twenty years of age, is not satisfied with one name. He possesses a bewildering variety. He seems to change his name as easily and as often as he changes his shirt.

He does not do this for fun, but for business, if you can call it business to get credit under different aliases, and then be disobliging about paying up.

He is known as William Cecil Kirby, as Arthur Johnson, as K. Stirling, and as C. R. Williams.

These are simple names, but not enough to exhaust the ingenuity and requirements of Master Kirby.

He has also traded as, or been closely associated with, Kirby and Co., Leslie, Baker and Co., Vincent and Co., Wenamakers, and the Economic Soap Company, Ltd.

We do not know whether he sold soft soap, but he used quite a lot of it himself.

For example, in the capacity of Johnson, Kirby approached a well-known City firm of merchants. Explaining that his business was growing so rapidly that he was about to float it, he ordered a quantity of goods, and used their office.

The firm has not been paid outstanding rent for the office, neither has it been paid for the goods, which were worth over £100.

Then, as the Economic Soap Company, Ltd., he got seventy pounds out of a Liverpool firm for soap he sold them, but carelessly omitted to supply. The firm is still looking for its money.

A woman in business in Carter Lane, E.C., was induced to supply him with a large quantity of goods, for which he did not pay. She cannot get her money. But she has got a judgment against him for the amount. Unfortunately she cannot collect from him, under any of his aliases. He very rudely tells her that he does not intend to pay !

The Board of Trade prosecuted him two months ago at Bow Street Police Court for an offence under the Business Names Act. He was fined £20, with the alternative of 2 months imprisonment. On this occasion he did not display his usual carelessness about money. He paid the fine.

In a spirit of light-hearted youth, this twenty-year old boy last October got the Economic Soap Company floated. We think it should have been called the Economic Soap Bubble Co.

In any case, it seems to have burst, and its last address on the Somerset House returns is the City office we have mentioned, where there is nobody to represent Kirby, but where a great number of people go anxiously to look for him.

An Inspector of the City Police is still making inquiries regarding Kirby on behalf of a number of people who have complained of the disastrous commercial activities of this much more than double-barrelled boy.

The fact that he is a minor has made it difficult for his creditors to cope with him.

It should not be necessary, after this recital, to give a warning to any of our readers who may come in contact with any—or all—of the inglorious company who are only Mr. William Cecil Kirby in the multiplicity of his disguises.

# MERCHANT SERVICE MEANNESS

## Third Officers at a Shilling an Hour

THE British Mercantile Marine, whose magnificent achievements during the Great War were a source of wonderment and admiration to all the world, is likely to be hard put to it to find recruits to carry on its glorious traditions if the present niggardly policy of cheeseparing economy in regard to the pay of officers continues to be pursued.

The shipowners recently issued a notification that a further reduction of 30s. a month in the pay of all grades would take effect as from April 16th. The pay of a Third Officer with this reduction in force becomes £11 10s. a month !

To realise fully how utterly inadequate this rate of pay is it is not necessary to explain in detail what exactly are the duties and responsibilities of a Third Officer. It should suffice that he has two watches on the bridge occupying eight hours a day, and during that time he is solely responsible for the safety of the ship and her cargo.

The average cargo steamer at the present time is worth anything from £50,000 to £120,000. If she is carying a full cargo, say 7,000 tons, of flour and grain, the value of the cargo is in the neighbourhood of £120,000. Thus we find that a Third Officer who has to bear upon his shoulders the responsibility for the safety of a ship and cargo worth perhaps £200,000, to say nothing of the lives of about forty men, is paid at the rate of less than a shilling an hour !

The vessel may be beset with dangers in the North Atlantic ice track, in the middle of a hurricane, in thick weather in the Channel or round the coast, where a single slip or a second's hesitation on the part of the officer may result in disaster. If such a calamity should happen, he is liable to lose his certificate and be ruined for life.

The Chief Officer and Second Officer, of course, hold similar responsibilities and are subject to the same penalties. Their pay, too, has been reduced, but their position is not so terrible as that of the Third Officer at a shilling an hour.

# INGRATITUDE TO A GUARDSMAN

## Thrown Out of Barracks and Penalised

"A LAND fit for heroes" is a famous phrase, and there are many people who will long remember it. Amongst them is Albert Brown of Laleham Buildings, Shoreditch, late of the 1st Life Guards.

Brown was discharged on the 22nd October, 1922, owing to reduction of establishment. He was given an exemplary character. At the time of his discharge he was living in married quarters at Regent's Park Barracks, with his wife and two young children.

He was told to go, as his country no longer needed his services. Unfortunately he had nowhere to go, though he did his utmost to find rooms, giving up his month's leave to that task.

He told the authorities about his difficulties. His officer told him the quarters he occupied were not immediately required, sympathised with him, and told him to carry on.

While he was negotiating for a job as caretaker to a big corporation, the sympathy of the authorities suddenly evaporated, and an ejectment order was served on him, claiming rent from the time of his discharge.

Brown appeared before the Judge, and was given a further month to get out. He got out before that time had elapsed.

Unfortunately he did not get the job he was after. But he was presented with a bill from a grateful country demanding £8 arrears of rent, and £20 costs ! The Treasury have now demanded £40 costs, which it is charitable to assume is a clerical error. In the meantime Brown is told that the amount will be deducted from his pension.

As we stated, the total of these costs came to £20. The War Office could not make it any more, so as it was only a poor soldier who had to pay, and as he was not in a position to resist, they have simply doubled the amount without rhyme or reason, justification or apology.

It is a gross scandal and naked robbery. We appeal over the heads of the Treasury Solicitor to the Army Council, and ask it to do plain and simple justice to a soldier of the King

# YOUR IDEAL WORLD

## Is There Contentment for Anybody?

### by T. W. H. CROSLAND

MANKIND may be reckoned the spoilt child of Nature. Everlastingly wanting something is mankind, and everlastingly howling for it. As the poem has it: "Man never is, but always to be blest."

If you ask him why, he will give you two reasons, both of which he considers creditable to himself: (*a*) that he suffers from "divine discontent," (*b*) that he desires to "leave the world better than he found it." "We are here," he says, "to do our best for one another, and especially to do our best for the missus and the nippers." Far be it from me to blame him.

The beasts of the field or wild, however, are not greatly troubled that way. The lion, for example, has no ambition beyond raw meat and a drink of water. Tuppence a quart off beer doesn't thrill him. He is not bursting to make England safe for the Labour Party. He fancies nothing in particular for the City and Suburban. He isn't even anxious to become the big draw at a circus.

BUT man, proud man, dressed in his little brief bowler and going to business on his blue-lacquered "tin Lizzie," happens to be nobler. You can tell from the leader columns in the newspaper that he happens to be nobler. Here is a piece from the other morning's newspaper leader-column which shows you:

> Seventy-five millionaires and eighty-eight bankers committed suicide in the United States last year. This proves once more that the mere possession of wealth does not produce happiness or contentment of mind.

Well, all our lives most of us have been hearing all sorts of stories about wealth, otherwise riches. From Solomon's time down, the possession of them has been either frowned upon or pooh-poohed by the pundits. Whenever a millionaire commits suicide the pundits gather round and cry with a loud voice: "There y'are—money didn't make him happy!" And then they proceed to remind us of various sayings as to camels and the eye of a needle, the so-called "root of all evil" and the blissful lot of "the contented poor man."

THEY have been doing as much ever since the first "have not" ventured to envy the first fat bank-roll. It is reasonable to suppose that in America, last year, they did it no fewer than one hundred and sixty-three times—seventy-five times for the millionaires and eighty-eight times for the bankers. In fine we may assert without fear of contradiction that the moral has been pointed and the tale adorned on literally thousands of occasions.

And yet Nature's spoilt child continues to wriggle gloriously in his high chair and clamour for one thing, namely, a bit more money.

Deep down it is this passion for just a trifle more that runs the round globe. Whatever department of human activity you choose to enquire into, the incentive never varies. In industry, art, science, politics, what you will, the urge is the same—a bit more than one has already got. And we shall take it upon ourselves to deny that it is a squalid or unworthy urge, or that it makes for unhappiness. Virtually every man Jack of us worth his salt is out simply to compass a new earth and perhaps a new heaven for himself, for those nearest and dearest to him, and, after that, for humanity at large.

THE trouble is that few of us appear to have been at pains to discover what kind of "new earth" we really desire. Ninety-nine per cent. of us have a sort of childlike dim idea that the new earth of our dreams cannot conceivably come into being unless we lay our hands on riches—and plenty of them. This is the easiest way of thinking about it, and hence ninety-nine per cent. of us are engaged overtly or covertly in the struggle for wealth.

The millionaires get it, and some of them commit suicide. Their new earths fail to materialise. Less fortunate people are liable to similar disillusionment. Ponder this question for yourselves: What sort of a world do you really want, and how long would you be content if somebody helped you to it?

# CARTOONETTES

### by FRANK HOLLAND

It's lucky for this withered plant
That Summer Time is looming,
It's not exactly dead we grant,
But still it's far from blooming.

From camp to camp they tramp and
New meetings to attend; [tramp,
These weary men must wonder when
Their long, long trail will end.

We're glad to see a bill at last
To end this burning scandal;
It ought to put—when it is passed—
The snuffer on the candle.

The whacking Bonar's had may prove,
A blessing in disguise,
That little Bill he must kill
Or ruthlessly revise.

# SAINTS AND SINNERS

## Pen Portraits of Prominent People

### by HESKETH PEARSON

THERE was a time when Augustus John was a reticent, well-behaved, solitude-loving youth. But one day, while bathing, his head came into contact with a rock—and this materially altered his conceptions of the universe. The incident (fortunate or unfortunate, as the case may be) is emblematic of his career. He has been ramming his head on the rocks of convention with a strange persistence all his adult life. He hates rules, regulations, customs and laws with all the fury of the man for whom they are especially made.

Very respectable people regard John as quite shocking. And it must be admitted that he is not by any means a polite person. He stamps remorselessly on the corns of the ladies and gentlemen who want to lionise him, goes out of his way to insult those who are not impressed by his poses, shouts his heterodox opinions at mixed assemblies regardless of other people's feelings, and never loses an opportunity to make "proper people" thoroughly uncomfortable. Good manners, he would have us believe, are for fools, not for men.

THIS form of social brigandage has had its effect. He has frightened away a large class of responsible citizens, terrorised a still larger class of responsible citizenesses, and is now surrounded by a crowd of gaping satellites who are too timid to criticise him and too weak to do more than ape his public attitudes.

Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN.

He can never be a really great artist because he hasn't that equability of mind possessed by the highest types of genius. His nature is too bitter to be big. He believes in the divine right of everyone to do and say anything he or she likes. The slightest interference with absolute freedom of mind and action is assured of his hearty curse. "Why should one," I can almost hear him say, "conform to the creed of the Non-conformist? I don't ask him to admire my pictures. Why should he ask me to live up to his respectability? If a man lives his own life, what the devil has it got to do with anybody else I should like to know?"

I RATHER suspect, however, that when he expounds his creed he makes a series of mental reservations. We would probably find that this licence to flout the social code should only be granted to artists in general and to himself in particular. If, for example, someone seriously inconvenienced him, or if a considerable quantity of those whom he jeeringly calls the mob were to copy his disregard for the conventions, I have not the slightest doubt that he would sing quite a different tune.

The truth is that, like all these noisy, flamboyant folk, he wants freedom chiefly for himself. As long as he can follow his bent, enjoy his cherished freedom, and pass on, the rest of the world can go hang! This ideal state, run on purely artistic lines, would thus be a pretty little paradise—for the rest of the world.

PERHAPS it is unnecessary to add that Augustus does not believe in progress. Why this scepticism? Cannot it be that he cannot see much difference between himself and a Hottentot?

# Candid Communications

## (Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P., Ministry of Pensions.**

SIR,—Of all the tragedies which can be laid to the door of the incompetent red-tape-tied machine which you control, the death of Richard Mason is one of the most terrible. Here was a man who had served his country both in the South African War and the Great War, who was discharged from the Army four years ago, suffering from a disease certified as due to war service, yet who never touched a penny of pension. Sinking deeper and deeper into financial difficulties there came a night when he could stand it no longer. He borrowed sixpence from a pal, perhaps for a last drink to screw up his courage, and then stepped in front of a train! He is off your books now—his file can be closed—but there are many others whose plight is as desperate as poor Dick Mason's. For Heaven's sake make the wheels of your bureaucratic machine go round. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Rev. Dr. WILFRED OLDFIELD BURROWS, Bishop of Chichester.**

MY LORD BISHOP,—Can't you and your brother bishops find anything more profitable to do than potter about with the Prayer Book! You have taken infinite pains to soften the language of the marriage service because it contains "words of outspoken plainness which the squeamishness of the day will not allow to be heard in church." Why don't you tackle the real problems—the problems of the slums? Is the Church too squeamish for these? JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Ministry of Health.**

SIR,—You propose to give a housing subsidy, at the expense of the ratepayers, to encourage housing. The first result has been that the combines and rings have raised the cost of building materials by ten per cent. This is a scandalous ramp. It should have been foreseen and prevented. You will not give us cheap houses till you control the rings. Begin at the right end. Make it penal for any association of financiers to corner the commodity and control prices. Unless you do that your subsidies will be useless. You might as well, as the Americans say, flog a dead horse. There is no use telling me of your Committee to consider the fluctuations of prices. Give that Committee power to control these prices. It is the only way. JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. H. G. KEARSLEY, Board of Guardians, Kingston.**

DEAR SIR,—It appears that, because you have received outdoor relief you are, by some antiquated convention, disqualified to sit on the Board whose duty it is to look after the poor. I should have thought you were just the man for the job, and your protest against the closing of the casual wards against footsore and hungry ex-Service men strengthens my opinion. Anyhow in spite of the fearsome penalties you are incurring you have taken your seat. Stick to it, and good luck to you! JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, K.C., M.P., Attorney General, House of Commons.**

DEAR MR. ATTORNEY,—My attention has been called to a criminal trial in which a barrister accepted a brief for the defence, asked for a remand, and then threw up the case. I appeal to you as head of the English Bar to say whether this is playing the game. It seems to me that a barrister is a professional pleader whose job is to put his case, however bad on merits, to the best of his ability. You may grant him the right to decline a brief altogether if he believes the cause to be wrong. But if he takes up a case, and then drops it, he clearly puts his client in the soup, and such conduct seems to me both unprofessional and unsportmanlike. JOHN BULL.

**To JOHN WRIGHT, Windsor Road, Bournemouth.**

YOU CAD,—A married man, with three children, you have associated, to her ruin, with the seventeen-year-old girl, Edith Coffin, until in her distress she attempted suicide. She lost two situations through your persistent visits, she is alienated from her father and mother, and has now been sent to prison to keep her away from you. You go scot free. The Recorder called you a blackguard and wished he could send you to jail. He could not. And so it is the woman who pays. If you have any sense of shame, any pretence to manhood, let this child alone. You have escaped sentence in court; you get it at the bar of public opinion—the hand of every honest man flat-heeled across your mouth.

JOHN BULL.

**To Mr. ALBERT FREDERICK CALVERT, Eton Avenue, Hampstead.**

SIR,—Nobody will extend any sympathy to you because you have to pay ten thousand pounds damages to the Grand Duchess of Russia, whose jewels were pawned to finance your scheme for revolutionising the art of printing. It is fortunate that exiles, poor or rich, do not often come into contact with people like you. You seem to have intuitive knowledge that there are foolish and credulous people, even in the highest ranks of society. Fortunately, there is less foolishness in the average jury. The Bolshevists tricked Russian notables badly enough; it is not pleasant to see the Bolshevist greed outdone at Hampstead. You may have a new printing process; you certainly have a very bad press.

JOHN BULL.

**To Dr. LEWIS RICHARD FARNELL, Vice Chancellor, Oxford University.**

SIR,—Your latest freak—the veto on Mr. Fagan's new Playhouse Theatre—shows even more stupidity than its predecessors, and that's saying a lot. You surely must be the champion killjoy of the country. Fortunately there is a funny side to your preposterous Prussianism Lord Curzon, who is Chancellor of the University and therefore your boss, is one of the subscribers to Mr. Fagan's venture. I wonder what he will have to say to you! I understand you are chucking your job in August. Why not take four months' holiday now? JOHN BULL.

**To Sir ERIC GEDDES, Manchester Square, W.**

DEAR ARMAGGEDDES,—Thank you for telling the public that the railway companies could afford to reduce rates. They have done it—so far as goods traffic is concerned. Urge them now to make another effort and reduce passenger fares. You point out that the last reduction was followed by increased receipts, and suggest that a further reduction will have similar effect. On this topic, as an old railway man, you know what you are talking about. Good luck to your elbow—and your axe. JOHN BULL.

## STILL OVERLOADED!

BALDWIN:—"Well, Guv, we'll get along better now?"
JOHN BULL:—"You'll have to take a bit more off that load first!"

# Without Fear or Favour

## *The Editor's Views on Vital Topics*

EVERYONE is sorry to know that the state of Mr. Bonar Law's health gives cause for renewed anxiety. But there is no occasion for panic. If the Prime Minister is unhappily forced to relinquish his office he will carry with him into retirement the respectful regrets of the nation at large, but a successor will be found and the heavens will not fall. It may be that the Conservative Cabinet will receive a nasty shock, but even that respectable article of national furniture is not the Ark of the Covenant.

**The Government's Position**

It is unfortunate that a section of the Government's supporters, in Parliament and in the Press, should be so soon acclaiming the present Administration as "indispensable," and urging that at all costs they must be maintained in power. By this folly the Coalition fell, their indispensability proving such a myth that of all their vaunted splendour not a shadow now remains. It does not suit the temperament of the British people to be told that in this free country law and order, peace and prosperity, depend upon the continued co-operation of a score or so of individuals drawn from one political party. The theory upon which the Constitution rests is that an alternative government is always in existence, and if the nation is dissatisfied with the conduct of the King's Ministers it is proper for them to resign.

We do not for a moment say that the time for such a change has come. At the same time we welcome the growth of coherence in His Majesty's Opposition, and we would strongly urge the Labour Party not to spoil their chances of winning the public confidence by such ebullitions of foolishness as we have lately witnessed.

The progress towards reunion in the Liberal Party is also a gratifying feature, for, rightly or wrongly, we believe that Liberalism, in its broad historic sense, has still a big part to play in shaping the world's destinies. The truth is that neither wisdom nor statesmanship or honour is the monopoly of any single party. That the best should govern is the golden rule.

CRITICS of the Budget argue that there ought to have been a shilling off the income-tax, something off sugar, and a reduction in the tax on tobacco. There is something to be said for this view, apart from its obvious popularity, and its spokesmen in the House of Commons have made out an excellent case.

**Mountain and Mouse**

But a much more far-sighted comment is that of Sir Laming Worthington Evans, who contends that the whole of the surplus on last year's revenue should have gone to finance a national housing scheme. We believe that the public would have favoured this plan, and that if the Government had had the courage to adopt it they would have earned the gratitude of the whole nation. Instead they have produced nothing better than Mr. Neville Chamberlain's puny Housing Bill, a pill to cure an earthquake.

The objections to this measure are twofold. First, it is conceived on a pettifogging scale, entirely out of proportion to the immensity of the problem with which it seeks to grapple, and it wholly ignores the fact that a vast section of the community is sunk amid the horrors of slumdom. Secondly, it provides only for the erection of a certain type of house, and that the smallest, suitable only for the occupation of the humblest class of manual workers.

On both these heads so much has been said and written that it seems almost a waste of labour to multiply arguments, but we would recommend to any who are still unconvinced of the urgency of housing a tour of the slum areas of our principal cities. In some parts of London the conditions are simply appalling, congestion and overcrowding having reached such a point that men and women are housed in a way which would be thought unfit for cattle on any decent farm. The absence of proper sanitary conveniences, the deficiency of sleeping accommodation, the higgledy-piggledy association of persons of all ages and both sexes, make decency an impossibility and morality a miracle.

The plight of the middle classes, less outwardly distressing, is hardly more tolerable, and is driving many sober-minded citizens into the arms of the Labour Party, in whose lavish programmes they find at least the promise of a better state of things. It is for the Government to tackle this spreading evil in the spirit that gets things done.

THE plight of the voluntary hospitals needs no emphasis. Most of them are on the rocks, and though appeal follows appeal in frantic succession, there is no permanent improvement in their situation. As a result many wards are closed, and the Committees of Management, with the best will in the world, are forced to shut their doors in the faces of the sick poor.

**Save the Hospitals**

This is a state of affairs which cannot be tolerated. It leads to misunderstanding and heart-burning, to bitterness, anguish and despair. The other day we called attention to several cases in which the authorities at King's College Hospital had been compelled to refuse admission to cases of extreme urgency unless the patients were prepared to pay certain fees.

The authorities of the Hospital have now been good enough to furnish us with a courteous explanation of the circumstances, and we recognise quite frankly that they were in no sense to blame. Through sheer financial want they have had to close certain wards, and it was in an effort to relieve the necessities of middle-class patients that they recently reopened one of these wards to those who could afford to pay the bare cost of treatment.

Obviously no fault can be found with this arrangement, but the hospital authorities would be rejoiced if the condition of their finances allowed them once more to throw open their doors to all needy comers. The claims of the sick poor are paramount, and if private charity cannot supply the need, the State ought to step in. In general we are opposed to extending the authority of the central government, but in matters of life and death the State has a paramount duty to its citizens.

THERE is no denying the fact that there is a strong popular prejudice against the law and the lawyers. Why is this? Largely, we believe, because it is felt that the law presses harshly upon the poor, that the fees of lawyers are exorbitant, that justice, in the sense of legal redress, is a luxury for the rich. At any rate this idea is prevalent, and it is one which is not calculated to enhance public respect for law and order.

**The Law and the Poor**

Quite recently Judge Parry, one of the most humane and enlightened of our judges, has been devoting some attention to this subject, and the conclusions he has reached are deserving of wide attention. For our own part we are inclined to go somewhat farther than the learned Judge and to plead for an entire remodelling of our legal system. The poor suitor, under present arrangements, is at a heavy disadvantage.

In the Criminal Courts prisoners are constantly handicapped by the lack of proper means of defence, and there will be no abatement of this evil until the long agitation conducted in this Journal and elsewhere culminates in the appointment of a Public Defender. It is an intolerable injustice that any citizen should stand in greater peril before the law because of his poverty; yet the records of the Courts leave no room for doubt that time after time men and women are sent to prison who, if they had had the means, would have been able to prove their innocence or at the very least to procure the tempering of justice with mercy.

At the Old Bailey last week it was stated that a prisoner charged with theft at the age of sixty had spent thirty-four years in prison, although the total value of his depredations amounted to only ten pounds! Is it any wonder that the poor are exasperated by such flagrant wrongs?

In the Civil Courts things are very little better, the citizen without means being often constrained to suffer the most grievous injury rather than wage an unequal contest against the power of wealth. For these blots on our social system a remedy must be found, and we congratulate Judge Parry upon his outspoken lead.

AT long last it appears that our constant advocacy of a tax upon betting is to bear fruit. A Select Committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to enquire into the whole question, and we may hope that common-sense will prevail.

**Better and Better**

The so-called moral argument against the proposed tax will not bear an instant's examination. It is clearly wrong for people to bet too much, just as it is wrong for them to drink too much or to go more often than they can afford to go to places of entertainment. But the State which does not disdain to tax beer or to collect its quota of revenue from the entertainment houses, need not scruple to take its levy from the profits of betting.

If anything, the imposts should tend to curtail the betting habit, and in this case the kill-joys will sing pæans of praise. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has done well to take a leaf out of John Bull.

## PROBLEM OF THE MAD DOG

by A. G. GARDINER

A CORRESPONDENT sends me Mr. George Lansbury's declaration that he and some of his Labour colleagues favour the abolition of all naval, military and aerial armaments, and asks me to say something about disarmament from "the idealistic and the practical points of view."

If Mr. Lansbury means that he and his friends favour the immediate and total disarmament of this country, regardless of what other countries do, he is not making a proposal which is practical. We cannot carry the doctrine of non-resistance to this length. We cannot disarm in a world that is armed without inviting the experience which disarmed Germany is undergoing at the present time at the hands of France.

Disarmament is a world problem and it can only be solved as a world problem. If, by some miracle, we could all become sensible and reasonable together, it would be solved out of hand. We should all disarm, establish a joint police force to keep the peace, and wonder why we had been such fools so long. In a word, given a sane world, disarmament is the most practical and attainable thing on earth.

But the world is never all sane together. We all, in turn, get "drunk with sight of power," and run amuck like a mad dog. When we are down and out we bleat like lambs about peace, but give us the whip hand and we crow like fighting cocks.

*When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be.*
*When the devil was well, the devil a saint was he!*

That is the way of the world. It is Spain that goes mad with militarism in one generation, Prussia in another, and so on. A few years ago it was Germany; to-day it is France. It never lasts. The fighting cock always comes to grief. Meanwhile, what you and I and every sane person in the world wants is the opportunity to live a peaceful life with his neighbours.

Why is that modest aim defeated? It is defeated because we try to live on two planes. The world is a unit of trade and interest. It is a single piece, woven in many colours, but seamless. It is a co-operative concern in which we are all customers one of another, all engaged in mutual service, all benefited by the prosperity of our neighbours. Into this peaceful common motive we spatchcock the national motive, with its fears, hates, ambitions and antagonisms, and at intervals the mad dog breaks loose and the whole economic structure that we have so painfully fashioned is burned to the ground. That is what has happened to us now.

Is there a way of escape? None, until the world sees that the two motives won't co-exist, and decides to make its jingo nationalisms subordinate to the economic internationalism of society, and to abolish the whole institution of war.

Can it be done? I don't know. It depends on whether sanity or insanity has the last word in our affairs. At the risk of being called an idealist, I take the view that disarmament will come because it is the only practical way of making the world safe for anything or anybody.

# IS LABOUR FIT

by Sir JOHN FOS

***THE possibility of a Labour Governme may become an accomplished fact then to be faced with? Will it be at the me or will it find that its administration is of other Governments? In this article Si outlines the attitude the Labour Chiefs wil will have on the***

MANY estimable persons are alarmed at the prospect that after the next General Election we will pass under the rule of a Labour Government—and then Great Britain will plunge straight to the devil!

But England has always been jumping over the precipice to irretrievable disaster. When the Reform Act of 1832 was passed there was to be an end to all stable government! When the men in the boroughs got the franchise in 1867 the country was to be instantly ruined! When manhood suffrage was granted and women were given the vote, there were smudges on the political wall denoting that the hysterical and illiterate proletariat would make old England no fit place for respectable people to live in! Indeed, there has never been a departure from the usual system of government without a considerable number of citizens having cold feet, shivering, and prognosticating the break up of all things.

YET we seem to have survived all these shocks. With many evils requiring remedy we are still doing well. Instead of being bankrupt, our credit stands higher than any other nation in the world. We may knit our brows in wonder about the future, but in our hearts we have confidence things will work out all right.

So I for one have no sleepless nights over the possibility of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald or Mr. Clynes or even Mr. Philip Snowden becoming Prime Minister of Britain.

But is there really a probability of the Labour Party taking control of the State?

If it does, it will not be because the country has become enamoured of Socialism, but because the electors have grown weary of the existing Administration.

Suppose things got so bad in the House of Commons that Mr. Bonar Law and all the other Ministers resigned. The King, in accordance with Constitutional practice, would send for the Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Macdonald would accept the Premiership and form a Government and formulate a definite policy.

WOULD it go the whole hog in Socialism, to satisfy ardent reformers from the Clydeside, or would it be temperate, milk-and-watery, not to frighten the more sedate leaders of Trade Unionism?

It was one thing for 150 Labour members to be returned to Parliament at the last Election because the country was fed up with the Coalition. It will be quite another thing for the country to return nearly 400 Labour members to press forward a revolutionary programme.

We are a progressively conservative people, and I have stern doubts whether we will do anything of the kind. I anticipate, however that when the next Election takes place Labour will be the largest party in the House, but not large enough to dominate the rest of the House. Though Coalitions are unpopular, necessity will compel an amalgamation between other parties, and the newly created Labour Government will in all probability have the shortest existence on record.

Sir JOHN FOST

The point is, however, whether Labour is ready to govern?

Labour is an elastic term, and though at present Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's followers are united in their endeavours to destroy the Bonar Law Government, it is certain there would be furious divisions of opinion about the pace of progress if they, with their numbers doubled, moved to the other side of the House. There are quite as many Die-hards in the Labour Party as in Conservative ranks, and they are less controllable.

THAT there are men of great and outstanding ability in Labour to-day goes without saying. Time was when anyone who did not belong to the horny-handed section of workers was taboo with the Party. But with the years has come wisdom, and brain as well as brawn is now accepted. The intellectuals have now been given a place. I remember when Labour rather frowned upon Mr. Ramsay Macdonald because he had never actually toiled with his fists. The portals of the Labour Party have widened, and through them have come doctrinaires, barristers, professional men, gentlemen of private means, sons of the aristocracy—everybody indeed who is likely to prove sympathetic to change in our social conditions.

The cry is raised that if there was a Labour Government it would be composed of men with no experience in national administration. That does not appal me. I daresay Labour Ministers will have as much knowledge of

***THE Editor does not necessarily share all th of sufficient interest and importance to war journal the recognised platform for the free discus***

# TO GOVERN?

## FOSTER FRASER

***rnment is not so far distant. It fact any day. What is the country e mercy of a handful of incompetents, n is after all little different from that le Sir John Foster Fraser shrewdly s will adopt and the effects their rule the country.***

affairs as the majority of men who, hitherto, have been given places in Liberal and Conservative Governments.

With many of the aims of the Labour Party every one of us, whatever our politics, are in full accord.

OSTER FRASER.

There is no class in this country which wants to oppress the working people and, with the pressure of the heel, keep them in subservience. That is just loose, ignorant, venomous bunkum spouted by discontents from rickety chairs on Sunday mornings. The people of England, whoever they be, are genuinely anxious to do the right thing, but those who have most knowledge are sharply but honestly divided about the procedure. There is lots of selfishness in the land, but it can be found in other places besides Mayfair.

All Oppositions are composed of fine fellows, perpetually trumpeting what an improvement there would be if only they sat on the Treasury Bench instead of the rapscallions who now temporarily occupy it. But there never was an Opposition which succeeded in getting on that Treasury Bench that did not fall far short of its gorgeous promises, which was not a sad disappointment to its most ardent friends, and was not ultimately kicked out as a Government because the country had grown disgusted.

IS anybody so insane as to imagine that once the Labour Party get a grip of the reins of office they are going to hold them for ever?

And it is open to conjecture whether the Labour representatives, brought face to face with the problems which have baffled sociologists for generations, are really in possession of the "Open Sesame" which is going to make us all happy and contented because justice and equality are supreme at last.

We know perfectly well what are the two main planks of the Labour-Socialist platform: a levy on capital and the nationalisation of industries.

The theory is that the rich and well-to-do have come by their money, generally by illicit means, at the expense of the public, and that therefore it is right to dispossess them of it. Most of us, I suppose, have a little grudge in our hearts against those who are much better off than ourselves.

BUT before the Labour Party gets the country to agree to despoiling a man of his possessions, whether obtained by accident, gambling in commerce, or the consequence of organising ability, some evidence must be provided that the Government will make better use of it than will the individual by putting it back, as he invariably does, into what he considers profitable industrial enterprise.

The same line of argument applies to the schemes for nationalisation. All our great industries are to be run as State concerns. What means will be adopted to prevent them being run on extravagant lines? All State employment has more waste in its management than when there is private control. The Labour Exchange—a pet hobby of the Labour Party—is one of the most incompetent and expensive of our national institutions.

YET really, I do not believe we should be over-perturbed at the prospect of a Labour Government, although, with the freedom of being in Opposition, the Socialists do try to make our flesh creep with threats of what they intend to do if only they are given the chance. Apart from the extremists, who are obsessed with bitterness and fantastic theories, most of the Labour chiefs are men of shrewd practicability. When they are shifted from the forum of free criticism into the region of responsibility; when they have to act themselves instead of standing on one side criticising those who are doing things; when they begin to learn facts under the tutelage of Departmental officials, Labour Ministers will ca' canny in applying the nostrums they have so often prescribed from the platform.

OF course we shall hear wails from the nervous that the advent of the Labour Party will smash our whole system to blazes. But I expect to hear the chief criticism of a Labour Government, to come from its back-bench friends, shrieking that they have been fooled, that their leaders are not much different from leaders in any other Government; that there is hesitancy and delay and the millennium still as far off as ever—and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Premier, will be standing at the box giving the usual Ministerial excuses why things cannot be done.

*all views expressed on this page, but considers them to warrant publication. It is intended to make this discussion of the leading topics of the day.*

## THE STATE JACKET

*by* HAROLD OWEN

LAST week I happened to say that if a man liked to bet his "last shirt" off his back it was his own business. No approval of "last shirt" folly was thereby expressed. But what I did mean to imply was that the whole modern idea of States and laws seeking to protect grown-up people from their own follies is morally wrong, because it saps individual responsibility, and therefore enervates the moral sense.

And now, fortified by the recent revelations of people dancing themselves into lunacy, and the police (as in New York) frantically chasing them from place to place to prevent them, I go a step further—and say that in the interests of our general sanity it is desirable that people who, being deaf to reason, choose to dance themselves to death shall not be forcibly discouraged from thus eliminating themselves.

The world to-day has no place or use for people who need to be grandmothered; and the greatest danger of our times is that the State is being called upon to fritter away its mighty energies by putting us all into what I may call a State Jacket, and in regulating the lives of people who, if they cannot regulate their own, are simply not worth troubling about.

The business of the State is to protect A. from B.'s crime or wrongful act, but not to protect A. from his own folly. But Democracy is now producing a queer and crazy result; based on the theory that all men and women are fit to govern *others*, its practice is now hardening into the assumption that they are not fit to govern *themselves*.

And so what is happening is that the State is becoming grandmother to adults and taking the place of parents to their children—in each case undermining the duty and responsibility of the individual.

From this point of view, sane and simple, I disagree entirely with Mr. Justice Avory when, ruling that the Sunday sale of sweets must stop at 8 p.m., he said: "The restrictive legislation which restrains that portion of the public which has *a vicious appetite for sweetmeats* up to the last hour must be enforced, because the Legislature should not pander to such vicious proclivities."

It may be there was a touch of irony in the learned Judge's remarks, yet two considerations remain. Must the Legislature be assumed to be "pandering" to every debatable human weakness it does not actively restrict? In that case, what margin is left for separate individual existence? Must we be fined for eating peas with a knife, our tobacco be forcibly limited to so many ounces a week, our Judges be restricted and rationed in their irrelevant jokes?

And is the State to supersede the authority of parents even in the matter of the consumption and purchase of lollipops? In that case, we all become children of the servile State, with fathers and mothers having no responsibility except to procreate its victims.

Political "progress" has become as mad as the dancers who fox-trot themselves into lunacy, and there will be no end to it until we are all in uniform, "inspecting" one another—and the State will then perish because there are no more private citizens left.

THE UNDERWORLD OF LONDON.

# The Rum-running Ramp

***THE crooked gentry of to-day do not confine their energies to highway robberies with violence, housebreaking and confidence trickery, as seems to be the popular idea. They follow the progress of affairs as keenly as does any business man. The result is that when America went dry the underworld of London foresaw tremendous possibilities for swiftly acquiring wealth. Many dare-devil characters left to swell the ranks of the Rum-runners. How they work is fully and graphically described in this article.***

IN the real underworld you will learn more about the rotten side of society in half an hour than you would learn otherwise all your life. And true. The story of the great personage who took an overdose of veronal "by mistake" is common property—only we know the real story, and could name the society woman who gave him the alternative of death or dishonour.

The trouble about telling the story of the underworld is that it doesn't sound true. It reads like fiction. I know a man in the "rum-running" business (as it is called) who carried a cargo to the shores of Maine and went on board the ship to see it properly delivered. He made £80,000 on one trip! On the second trip the crew was boarded by "rum-pirates," who cut the captain's throat and threw him overboard.

You would think that was fiction, but for the fact that a week ago a similar case was reported from America, where a whole crew was murdered. And I will tell you more. *Rum-pirates are enlisted here in London to go aboard rum-ships and join with others in mutiny and murder.*

The pay is good: a "pirate" will get £200 for a trip and be given the necessary passports to get him in and out of America.

And that brings me to another matter. I have often been asked: "Is it true that you could get a man to commit a murder for a ten-pound note?"

I won't go so far as saying that, but it is true that you could get a man to give your enemy a good "towelling" (*i.e.*, thrashing) for less! You wouldn't employ the big crooks for this work, of course, you would take a "whizzer" from one of the gangs that work the West End.

• • •

RUM-RUNNING is now one of the most paying side lines of the underworld. There are more people making a living out of prohibition than you would dream. The most prosperous of the "rum-runners" has been in turn deal-porter, bookmaker and publican. Before prohibition was introduced he was living in a small lodging in Bermondsey on a pound a week and avoiding a certain district in London where he was wanted by infuriated horse-backers to whom he owed money.

Going across to Holland just after the war as a "second" to a third-rate boxer, he was brought into touch with a fairly prosperous merchant on the "shady" side. With his knowledge of the wine and spirit business he made a very good assistant to the more wealthy rum-runner, and, curiously enough, the "honesty" of the ex-publican made his fortune. The Dutchman wanted to ship synthetic liquor from Germany—the ex-publican, whose boast it had been in his pre-bankrupt days that he only sold "good stuff," insisted on the best whiskies that Scotland distilled.

The first shipment sailed from Antwerp as additional "cargo" on an oil tanker. It was landed without difficulty and sent inland. The profits from this shipment led to a more ambitious effort. One day a huge consignment of "antiques" left Antwerp for an Atlantic port. The Dutchman in the meantime had, through his agent, secured the friendship of a Customs officer, and the "antiques" were landed after a perfunctory examination.

This method, however, was brought to a summary end. One day when a case of "antiques" was being landed at the port the derrick chain broke, and there was a crash and a heavy odour of good whisky!

• • •

UNDETERRED by their failure, the confederation tried a new plan. By this time the ex-publican had a flat in the West End, a car of his own, and a share in a big bookmaking business.

A large motor-patrol boat was acquired from the Disposals Board, and soon after there appeared off the coast of Maine a trim-looking "war vessel" flying the white ensign. She put into a port one night for repairs, and the launch which went out to her after dark transferred her "munitions" to shore. In the morning the "warship" was gone.

Another method of running "booze" is the invention of a ship's officer who lost his ticket for an offence of which he was only technically guilty. A syndicate engaged him to take command of a tramp which was purchased for a song in the thin days of shipping which followed the war. There was a condition attached to the engagement. He was to discover a method by which the "rum" could be landed. ("Rum" is, of course, a term employed to cover all spirits.)

The plan he devised was a simple one. The whisky was stored in steel tanks, attached to which were buoys covered with a phosphorescent paint. Steaming at full speed along the shallow shores of New Jersey, the tanks were dropped overboard at sunset, at an agreed rendezvous. The rope and buoy were attached to the tank by a simple method. *They were held embedded in a big block of salt.*

In a short time the salt melted and the buoys came to the surface. The short delay gave sufficient time for the shadowing U.S. cutter to pass over the spot where the whisky was dropped. At night a small fleet of steam trawlers came on the scene, the whisky, located by the buoys, was drawn to the surface and landed.

• • •

EVERY ship sailing in proximity to the shores of the U.S. is under observation, but whilst the shadowed vessel was being followed, the whisky was being recovered!

The counter measures of the United States Government were a less serious blow than the organisation of the rum-pirates. They came into existence in America, but it was in London that the plan to "get rich quick" was given shape. The underworld, which is free from anything like reticence, got to know of the rum ships which from time to time were crossing the Atlantic, and the hunt for mutineer crews began, the prime mover being an ex-steward on one of the big Atlantic boats. As soon as it was known that a boat had been chartered, half a dozen men would get themselves signed on. Sometimes as few as two have shipped on board, but two can be as effective as a dozen.

The rum ship's most dangerous and difficult job is to escape observation. The captain lays off the beaten track, and at the first sign of a cloud of smoke on the horizon he turns his stern to the stranger and gets well outside the three-mile limit, returning at night with his lights out.

The pirate waits his opportunity. A flash lamp twinkles, a calcium buoy, mysteriously thrown overboard, burns, and out of the night comes what has the appearance of being a revenue cutter. The ship is boarded, the prohibited liquor transferred, and the captain of the rum-runner ordered to report to the nearest port. The "cutter" is, of course, a pirate. If the captain starts to give trouble, the fight is short and sharp. He is shot down and his crew are fastened in their cabins and the ship sunk.

Some day the story of the pirates will come out in court, and you will hear details that will make your hair rise. Those stories are already known in London.

"Lost—with all hands," says Lloyd's. Many a London crook is sleeping his last sleep on the floor of the Atlantic, drowned like a rat in a cage. It isn't remarkable that it is easier to get a pirate than a runner. The pay is good, the risk halved, and the men who go out are sure of a fine time with, perhaps, a big bonus for their work.

Yes, piracy has been added to the crimes which the underworld follow—it sounds incredible but it is a fact.

London stands supreme in this queer business. Neither Germany nor France can compete, for the simple reason that the rum buyers in the U.S.A. will have nothing but the best.

A case of whisky (12 bottles) is worth roughly £36; a case of gin fetches a little more, because gin is the foundation of all cocktails. A man who can ship 5,000 cases is certain of a £60,000 profit—and I know one man who has shipped 200,000 cases and has paid thousands of pounds in bribes to customs officers.

It is a "trade" which is accompanied by ruthlessness. The man who "squeals" on the other side has got to be quick and nippy, or he is a dead squealer. Murder is a natural accompaniment, and the members of the English underworld who have gone into the life know just what is coming to them.

• • •

THE reactions of this extraordinary traffic are to be found in Limehouse, and especially in the neighbourhood of Victoria Docks, where all sort of "down and outs" have blossomed forth of late. The bulk of the money, however, still goes to the Continent, where the big "masters" live and work.

It has been discovered that ships trading from a foreign port are not subjected to the same searching examination as English ships. For this reason there has grown up a healthy colony of rum-runners in Japan, most of whom are Englishmen.

Whisky is shipped in bulk to the Far East and transhipped at a Japanese port. It is so much more simple a matter to land the drink on the Pacific coast, that nowadays all the recruiting in Limehouse is for Japan.

In some ways the police are glad to see the activities of some of the finest criminals diverted elsewhere. America may not be so glad!

**NEXT WEEK — BARRIE.**

*IN response to numerous requests from our readers, "Pat" Barrie, the world's most daring horse-faker, will resume his reminiscences. He will tell the story of Grimthorpe, who had not won a race for three years until he came into Barrie's possession—when he won the next day.*

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# THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

## The Bridge (—man) of Sighs

*by* HARRISON OWEN

GROSS neglect of duty, in that he had failed to conduct a proper inquiry into the administration of the Borstal Institutions, was the charge brought against the Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, Home Secretary.

The accused, who pleaded "Not guilty," was ordered to take his tongue out of his cheek when addressing the Court.

The case for the public was conducted by Mr. Watchdog, K.C., who said that the ineptitude of those charged with the administration of the Borstal system was demonstrated by their selection of Portland Prison, with all its terrible associations, as a suitable place in which to "reform" desperate young criminals who had been found guilty of truancy, playing pitch-and-toss and similar loathesome offences.

"High-spirited boys and girls who go into these institutions," continued Mr. Watchdog, "come out of them with hardened hearts and corrupted minds. Even when they leave their Gethsemane their sufferings are not at an end. The eyes of the 'system' are as numerous as those of Argus, while its tongue is as long as the tongue of slander. Under the so-called 'licensing' system—which is really the ticket-of-leave system—the Borstal boy who obtains a job is not left in peace to work out his salvation. There are about a thousand men and women who visit places at which Borstal victims are employed and acquaint employers with the antecedents of their employees.

"I accuse the administrators of the Borstal Institutions," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "with manufacturing criminals under the pretence of reforming youthful wrongdoers; I accuse them of callousness, stupidity and gross brutality; I allege that within the walls of some of these institutions not only cruelty verging on Sadism, but downright immorality is practised, and I impeach the Home Secretary for permitting a state of affairs which is a disgrace to the Government of which he is a member."

BEGINNING with a jovial reminder that "stone walls do not a prison make," Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, stated that his client had not thought it necessary to inspect the Borstal Institutions, as an inspection had been carried out by his predecessor, Mr. Shortt. As showing how gratuitous were the allegations made by his learned friend, he would mention that the system had won the admiration of some of the highest penal experts in Germany, and was now being copied in that country.

The jury found the accused guilty.

"I may say," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "that I am in complete agreement with the verdict. The accused was not responsible for the original blunders, but in permitting these evils to go on unchecked he has incurred a very serious responsibility. The suggestion that a proper inspection was carried out by the previous Home Secretary is misleading, for all that Mr. Shortt did was to dine with the Governor of Portland—after giving a week's notice of his intention to pay a visit—and sleep at the best local hotel. As for the statement that the Borstal system is being imitated by Germany, I can only say that this seems to me to constitute an indictment almost as damning as that launched by learned counsel for the public.

"In the circumstances," concluded Mr. Justice Bull, "the most suitable sentence I can impose is that the prisoner shall spend one month in the Borstal Institution at Portland and that during seven days of this period he shall undergo what in the bright lexicon of Borstal is euphemistically described as 'dietary punishment,' which implies solitary confinement and something closely resembling starvation. I can only hope that this experience of Borstal 'tranquillity' will cause prisoner to remedy the callous neglect which has thus far distinguished his administration of the system."

# BOOKS WE'D LIKE TO BURN

## Writers' Contorted View of Morality

*by* FRANK VERNON

TWO novels have just been banned by the libraries. We should have banned more than two ourselves, but this ban serves to draw attention to the large numbers of polite pornographic novels which are being published. The picture of London given in these novels is that Londoners live in a state of dog-like promiscuity worse than that of the Roman Empire in its most degenerate days.

This is wildly untrue to life. Then what are the novelists up to? They have seen that there is money in contraceptive fiction, as it can be seen from the advertised number of editions of Marie Stopes' books that there is money in contraceptive facts.

There is no objection to robust sexuality in fiction. Rabelais is a healthy hearty fellow. "The Golden Asse" need not be read in girls' schools, nor need Anatole France's "A Mummer's Tale," nor J. B. Cabell's "Virgin" or George Moore's "A Story-Teller's Holiday." But these books are harmless to any adult of normally constituted mind.

The harmful book is not the downright, jolly, old-fashioned book, which is frank about sex, but the new-fashioned book which calmly takes it for granted that the ideal of virginity before marriage no longer exists. In life as these authors pretend to show it, chastity is extinct and the moral standards of Night Club Decadents are supposed to be the standards of us all.

BESIDES being a thundering libel, this is pernicious because though one novel may not have much influence, a whole batch of novels all making the same cool assumption has a great deal of influence. You circulate ten novels to young people; in each novel incontinence is general; and what is the young reader to conclude except that, in life, incontinence is the rule?

Among the books we would burn are a number by well-known authors. If we had our way the public hangman should seize upon such erotic bundles as "Speed the Plough," by Mary Butts, "Sweet Pepper," by Geoffrey Moss, "Bodies and Souls," by Shaw Desmond. A similar fate should overtake "The Outsider," by Maurice Samuel, and, more infamous than all, "The Diary of a Drug Fiend," by Aleister Crowley. It is a crime to suggest that there should be no restraint upon lust.

AND they are so well written! The story may be of an English lady(?) going to the Desert to have a love-affair with an Arab, or it may be a London tale of General Post amongst a set of young men and women who change partners once a month, but always it is nicely written. You can't call it coarse because of its charming style!

Now, the average girl of to-day knows how Nature provides for the continuance of the race. There is still a percentage which does not know, and at the other end of the scale there is a percentage which has a theoretical knowledge of the use of contraceptives.

But these novels are written as if everybody knew all about these questions, and as if restraint and morality did not exist. It is not coarsely indecent fiction; it is worse, it is delicately indecent. It does not argue about morality; it blandly assumes universal incontinence, protected against the inconvenience of babies by contraceptives.

THIS is not the world as it is, but it is the world which these lecherous novels will make it if further publiction is not stopped. At least six novels published this year ought to be publicly burned.

They are books which, while written under the pose of the artistic temperament, or the portrayal of real life as it is in these days of unconventionality, do little else than pander to the vicious tastes of the readers. The eminence of the writers and the skill with which the nastiness is allowed to creep into the narratives, only makes the reading of such trash by the unsophisticated and also the very much sophisticated, the more dangerous.

I do not suggest that the object of these authors is to accomplish the downfall of humanity. I believe that a far more immediate and material aim is before them. They are inspired, in fact, by a desire to attain popularity and prosperity swiftly and surely. There is nothing wrong in that, but there is decidedly something wrong in the methods adopted to secure that end.

# Printers' Pie

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")*

"LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY" (advertisement in APRIL 10TH issue):—"Rustic Poles.—Large quantities for sale. DON'T WAIT TILL THE SPRING."

"BURTON DAILY MAIL":—"The combined age of THREE residents recently buried at Rickmansworth was 2788 YEARS."

"PENNY POPULAR":—"Our hero picked himself up out of the MUD, and staggered blindly away down the HARD, FROST-BITTEN ROAD."

"DAILY COURIER":—"The Rev. C. Ernest Smith . . . is strongly in favour of the VIVISECTION of all criminals who DIE in gaol."

"WESTERN MORNING NEWS":—"The eight bridesmaids were dressed in WHITE LACE, with PALE BLUE hats TO MATCH."

"UNIVERSE":—"You will receive by return a splendid British-made 14 CWT. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Philip Popoli whipped out his REVOLVER, and STABBED Sir Peter to the heart."

"BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS" (advertisement):—"For Sale, BOBBED HAIR Sheep Dogs."

"FILM FUN":—"Bertie WAS SITTING in the park with his young lady, and presently they SAT DOWN upon a seat."

"HULL DAILY NEWS" (advertisement):—"For Sale, Young MALE Collie BITCH."

"GIRLS' FRIEND":—"She looked up, putting a SMILING FINGER to her lip."

"HERTS EXPRESS":—"FIVE YEARS from the CENTURY.—In the death . . . of Mrs. Sarah Brown, at the advanced age of EIGHTY-FIVE, Baldock has lost one of its oldest . . . inhabitants."

"GIRLS' FAVOURITE":—"A CRY of utter amazement came into the Arab's EYES."

"EVENING NEWS":—"Herd scraped through, EATING Jolly on the last green."

"SUNDAY MERCURY AND NEWS":—"The majority of stars are engaged because by their INABILITY they have acquired a large following among the picturegoing public."

"SUNDAY SPORTSMAN":—"It was a splendid game throughout, Scotland playing a dogged game against the FLAT-FOOTED English attack."

"YOUNG BRITAIN":—"He set up the championship . . . for boys of all weights . . . who were LESS THAN FIFTEEN and NOT MORE THAN SEVENTEEN."

"GOLDEN PENNY COMIC":—"The THREE who worked hardest in the search were STUNTER, BROWN BILL BAKER, and ESSEX."

# Human Documents

*Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.*

## Wanted—a Thrashing

"ABOUT two years ago my mother married a man much younger than herself, of about my own age. I have been married fifteen months, and my wife and I are very happy, except for one thing. This stepfather of mine insists on coming round to see my wife when I am at work, and tries to make love to her. This sort of thing naturally upsets her very much. The more I tell him about it, the worse he gets, and I am afraid my mother cannot do much in the matter. I hope you can give me a little advice what to do?"

"Humanist" says: *There is only one way of dealing with cads of this type, and you must be a peculiarly unaggressive person not to have already adopted it.*

## Tempted by an Old Man

"UP till recently I was happily employed as a clerkess. Acting on sudden impulse, I took some of my employer's goods and was dismissed. Owing to my previous good conduct they were satisfied with dismissing me, but would give me no reference. I have tried repeatedly to get employment, but cannot without a reference.

"An elderly man, holding a responsible position in this town has offered to keep me well supplied with money, and, if I cared to go to London, to take a flat for me there—on the usual terms! Although I have sinned I have always kept myself clean, and the whole thing is utterly repugnant to me, the more so as I love a man, heaps too good for me, but who would marry me at once had he sufficient money to get a home together. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *Dismiss the idea from your mind; such a course will bring you nothing but misery. You must keep on trying to obtain employment—any kind of employment rather than the alternative you are contemplating. Perhaps some of my readers may be inclined to help.*

## An Intellectual Wife

I AM a woman of good education and accomplishments, holding strong views regarding the equality of the sexes. Ten years ago, in a foolish moment, I married a man of whom I thought I was very fond, and we have since lived together—not happily, but without open rupture.

"My trouble is this: that my husband cannot live up to my intellectual level. He shows no interest in the matters which are nearest my heart. When any of my old college friends visit us, he can take no intelligent part in our conversation. Not only this, but in spite of repeated appeals, he makes no attempt to improve. All he thinks about is his work, and how much money he can earn; and to my remonstrances he invariably replies that I would be better occupied looking after our two children than bothering my head about my intellectual life.

"Relations are, in consequence, becoming daily more strained, and I fear that we may end in an open breach. Can you advise me how I can improve matters?"

"Humanist" says: *I think you are paying too much attention to, and probably overrating, your "intellectual level." Come down from your pinnacle of snobbishness, and try to be a little more feminine. I fancy your husband must be a long suffering man.*

## A Widow's Bad Boy.

"I AM a widow, with one son, now nearly twenty years of age. My husband was thoroughly dissolute and disreputable, and left me many years before he died. I have struggled on to educate my boy and have tried to make him a man and a gentleman.

"Now I am grieved to say I find that he has inherited his father's worst instincts. He frequents bad company, dresses and talks effeminately, paints his face, and steals money from me when I refuse it to him. How can I keep my only boy straight and clean?"

"Humanist" says: "*You are not to blame; many a good mother has had a foolish son! As you have money, send him to the Colonies. It will get him away from his present companions, and give him a chance in the open-air life amongst real men.*

## Husband's Sad Predicament

"I WAS married in 1917, discharged from the Army in 1919. Some months after our first child was born my wife seemed to change in her manner towards me, and used to stay out late at night. One night I saw her meet a man whom I knew to be a notorious thief. When she came home I taxed her with unfaithfulness, and she then informed me that I was not her husband, as she was already married when she met me, and that her real husband was still alive. She also stated that the man I had seen her meet (not her husband) was the father of the child I believed to be mine.

"She left me that night with the child. Since then, five men have called, claiming to be her husband, also claiming to be the father of the child. None of these men have produced any proof in substantiation of their claim, and the child, of whom I am very fond, is just like me in features. His mother, I have just learnt, has since died. Must I give up the boy?"

"Humanist" says: *You may certainly refuse to part with the boy. Definite proof of his parentage would have to be forthcoming before you could be compelled to do so.*

## The Ungrateful Woman

"ABOUT three years ago I met a young woman whom I believed to be very attractive and modest. We kept company regularly until I had an accident which laid me up for nearly three months. During my illness she came three times a week to see me, but after I had been off work two months my mate told me he had seen my girl with a young man twice that week. I insisted, however, that my friend had made a mistake.

"When I was able to get about again my girl told me that she had given herself to a man who had since gone to Canada.

"She told me that she was going to drown herself, and as I loved the girl very much, I allowed myself to agree to marry her. We lived happily until six months after the child had been born, then she seemed to turn into a maniac. When I ask her to do anything, I get told to shut my mouth, accompanied by streams of obscene language. Can you advise me?"

"Humanist" says: *Unfortunately ingratitude is not an offence which entitles you to leave or divorce her. You are rather at the mercy of that kind of woman, being the man you are. Why not apply for a separation?*

## Suicide, Starvation or Crime?

"I AM one of the 'Old Contemptibles' who has been four times wounded and have been practically three years out of work. I have no pension, dole, or relief from the Guardians.

"When I was demobilised, my fiancee had a house of her own and invited me to make my home there, as I had no other home to go to. After she lost her job it nearly broke my heart to see her selling up her home bit by bit to keep me. I tried every means to find work, but in vain.

"Eventually, I decided to go on tramp and try to find something, so that her home could be saved, but she threatened to commit suicide if I left her. Now, she has no house or home, and is unable to work owing to her health (she has had peritonitis twice, and has lately been operated on for appendicitis) and I am powerless to help her, as for the last week I have lived on one cup of tea and half-slice of bread and margarine per day—some days nothing.

"There are only three things I can do—commit suicide and leave it to be said that I found an easy and cowardly way out; starve to death; or commit a felony and get sent to prison. What would you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*Any kind of life is preferable to suicide; workhouse is better than prison or starvation. Live in hope like other ex-soldiers are doing. Some day your chance will come if you keep on looking for it. When it does repay your girl's faith by marrying and caring for her.*

The man who forgot to order a McKenzie in time!

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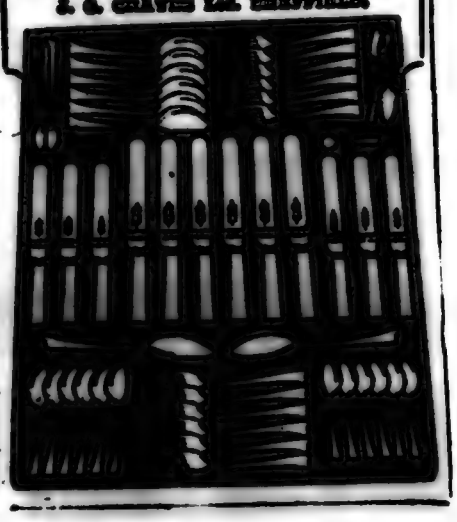

# Sports and by ROWLEY

## THE CITY AND SUBURBAN—A GUINEAS TIP—SOME DOUBLES

THE City and Suburban Handicap is run to-day, and at the moment of writing, a week before the event, Re-echo is a good favourite and Soubriquet a sound second favourite. Sir Edward Hulton's fine filly is, in my judgment, as much a certainty as a filly can be at this time of the year. When I was sizing up the race a week or two ago, I took Re-echo, a horse I had chosen before the weights appeared, but at that time I was under the impression that Soubriquet was being kept in reserve for the Jubilee; for Kempton is a track on which, I should imagine, she will show to greater advantage than at Epsom.

**A Mystery.**

I am not going to say very much about her Oaks running. I can only say that I am satisfied that she knuckled under to a greatly inferior animal in Pogrom. How she came to lose that race, Mr. Donoghue will in all probability tell us in the course of his fascinating reminiscences. Until then, the mystery remains a mystery to those who watched the race.

**Other Candidates.**

Of the other animals engaged:

**Roman Fiddle** (8.4) is a lucky winner on the course, and ought not to beat the top weights.

**Glenhaben** (8.3) hasn't a ghost of a chance of beating the top ones with his penalty.

**EAGLEHAWK** (8.3) on his Liverpool running last year is well handicapped, and if he is fit is a good each-way bet.

**Cereyrian** (8.3). A danger if he goes instead of Erehwemos.

**Copyright** (7.12) wants a longer course in my opinion.

There isn't a great deal for Re-echo and Soubriquet to beat, and I take

**SOUBRIQUET**

with Re-echo the danger. The best outsider may be Erehwemos.

**Parth.**

I backed Parth on Thursday on his looks. He is one of the finest looking three-year-old horses I have seen this year, and he was by no means at his best. I wouldn't bet 1000/1 against Crawford saddling the winners of the Derby and Oaks this year—I know a few trainers who would like to have his horses for the classics.

**A Stayer.**

Parth is a good bet because the horse stays and stays for ever. That is the impression I had of him last year. They say he can only go in the mud, but I think he can go best over a distance of ground. Over seven furlongs he beat Twelve Pointer at Doncaster—and I tipped him in JOHN BULL to do so. I personally think he will win the 2,000 Guineas, and shall both tip and back him. I hope the going is good, so that we may settle the question as to whether the going had anything to do with his success.

**My Giddy Doubles.**

A correspondent knowing my weakness for doubles and trebles on futures, has written to ask me what my "futures" are. I open my heart to him as follows:

850/2—Soubriquet and Bellman (City and Chester).

3500/2—Soubriquet, Bellman and Simon Pure (City, Chester and Jubilee).

1372/2—Soubriquet, Blandford and Twelve Pointer (City, Jubilee and Derby).

200/5—Leighon Tor (Victoria Cup).

100/5—Soldennis. (Victoria Cup).

700/5—Highbrow and Sobriquet (City and Great Metropolitan).

700/5—Chivalrous and Soubriquet (City and Great Metropolitan).

They can't all win, but I am hopeful about the £3,500 to £2!!

**Judging Distance.**

I have no wish to embarrass the new judge, Mr. C. A. Robinson; in the execution of his office, but he has a queer notion of distances. The Cymruminn colt won at Newbury by at least 15 lengths—he gave it as four lengths. Grand Lassie won by 10 or 12 lengths—he gave it as 3! How can the handicapper gauge the relative merits of two-year-olds if the judge does that sort of thing?

**16 Yards a Second.**

It is fairly easy to judge distance. One length equals a fifth of a second's interval. A horse travels about 16 yards in a second (a little more than this) and 16 yards is roughly five lengths. The interval between Cymruminn colt and his nearest attendant was nearer four than three seconds.

**Welshers.**

I have had a complaint from a reader who sent a money order to a very well-advertised bookmaker (whose advertisements do *not* appear in the *Sporting Life*) with a bet—which won. And, of course, the letter was lost, and the M.O. was never paid in. That is what is known as the "Glasgow touch." This particular man rubs out the winners by putting the money order and letter into the fire.

**They Advertise and Flourish.**

It is, of course, disgraceful that this sort of thing should go on, but it does. Bookmakers of this calibre flourish, and their advertisements appear in the daily and a certain section of the sporting press. The various sporting editors know that the men are welshers, but the advertisements continue to appear.

**SOVAL**
**won at 10 to 1**
**was Rowley Mile's**
**black-letter selection.**

**Betting Partnerships.**

The biggest tax on betting is the advertising welsher, especially the advertising welsher who is in partnership with a semi-straight firm. Partnerships in betting should be announced. We should then discover that the straight books have straight partners and the crooked books crooked partners.

**The Guineas Horses.**

A correspondent asks for a list of Guineas "probables." I prefer to give him a list of Guineas possibles—in other words the horses with whom the issue rests.

2,000 GUINEAS.—D'Orsay, Drake, Duncan Gray, Friars Melody, Hellaster, Legality, Light Hand, Papyrus, Parth, Pombal, Scyphius, Town Guard, Twelve Pointer.

1,000 GUINEAS.—Brownhylda, Cos, Crispena, Solicitude, Suryakumari, Silver Grass, Tranquil.

I should fine them down still further and take: Legality, Papyrus, Parth and Twelve Pointer for the 2,000 Guineas. Solicitude, Crispena and Suryakumari for the 1,000 Guineas.

**My Marked Card.**

**Protester** came with a rare rattle at the finish, but failed to get up to Polydipsia, which is a stone better horse than he was last year, and will win a race.

**Scyphius** is probably the fastest three-year-old in training, and may win a Stewards Cup. This grey stays 6 furlongs.

**Taunderiene** (2 y.o.) is a dog horse, but will win a small race.

**Desolation Gelding** (2 y.o.) with a man on his back will win a race. He isn't too generous.

**Kinnaird** is certain to win—probably at Ascot. A beautiful mover, Solicitude was just too good for him. Solicitude is expected to win the One Thousand Guineas.

**Benne Race** was shouted at the bushes, but needed a race. May win in the Guineas week. In answer to a correspondent, the correct pronunciation of this colt is "Bon Rahs."

**Phaen** appeared to me to be a dead "funk," and as soon as he was tackled, he was panic-stricken.

**Best Thing of the Week,**

**SOUBRIQUET**

**(City and Suburban to-day.)**

### SELECTIONS.

**EPSOM (WEDNESDAY).**

1.30 Mizzal (Phlox, Punta Gorda).
2.5 Tip Tree (Castalian, Martinique).
2.40 Tanglewood (Corporal, Envoy).
3.20 Soubriquet* (Re-echo, Roman Fiddle).
3.55 Grand Excel (J. Joel's sel., Mosaic).
4.30 Precocial* (Lucky Prince, Sun Charmer).
5.0 Discobelus (Pass the Mint, Lady Catfield).

**SANDOWN PARK (THURSDAY).**

2.0 Hillswater (Telepathy, Cortona).
2.30 Musical Ride c. (Spearetta, Desolation g.).
3.10 Farndon Bridge (Shrove, Tomaveen).
3.40 Argo (Cistercian, Palomides).
4.10 Reyterer (Clio f., Chime).
4.40 Philter.

**SANDOWN PARK (FRIDAY).**

2.0 Telepathy (Girvan, Broxa).
2.30 Billy Beck (Fair Nun f., Angoni).
3.0 Greek Bachelor (Hellaster, Star Chamber).
3.30 Una Perry (Zoza).
4.0 Lady Diana (Spes, Broken Faith).
4.30 Alderney (First Magic, Little Witch).

**STOCKTON (FRIDAY).**

2.0 Tryst (Hunting Morn, Latest Fashion f.).
2.30 Georgie (Gilded Tragedy, Synorix).
3.0 Tryst (Oakwood, Furnes).
3.30 Silver Band (Corbridge, Yokel).
4.0 Galloping Slav (Pero la Cerise).
4.30 Lenemand (Gold Willow, Prude's Fall).

**STOCKTON (SATURDAY).**

1.45 Grey Lady (Sixty-four, Hill Country).
2.15 Hunting Song (William Tell, Cortona).
2.45 Huma (Jazz Band, Shady Lake).
3.45 Bayora f. (Orland, Just One).
4.15 Gianforte.


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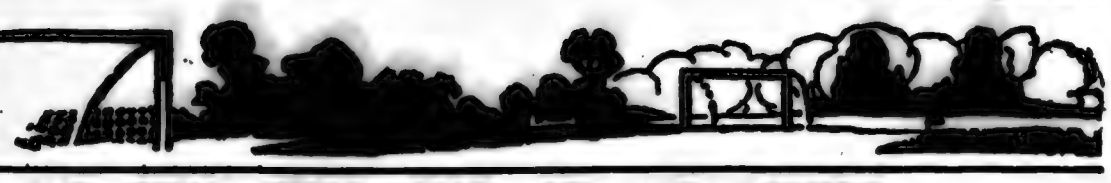
# Sportsmen MILE



## LAST WORDS ON THE CUP FINAL—WEST HAM AND THE DOUBLE

### TWELVE TO FOLLOW—SOME NEW HORSES.

Two of my horses to follow, Royal Alarm and Psychology, have won, and are now discarded until later in the year. Canterbury goes out because he is a dog horse, and my list now reads (with best distances):—

Twelve Pointer (Mile).
Papyrus (10 fur.).
Simon Pure (Any distance).
Top Gallant (Mile).
Pharos (6 fur.).
Wild Mint (5 fur.).
Re-echo (Any distance).
Monarch (7 fur. to 10 fur.).
Parth (Mile to 1½ miles).
Orange River (6 fur.).
Blackland (6 fur. to 1 mile)
Villager (1½ to 2 miles).

The new horses are Parth, Villager and Blackland. Psychology and Royal Alarm will come back later in the year.

### HORSES TO WATCH.

**Melibeus** (4 yrs.).—Since being transferred from Burbage to Newmarket, this horse has done uncommonly well. He is the almost certain recipient of a handicap over a mile and a half or thereabouts.

**Bucks Hussar** (4 yrs.).—This horse has been moving in rare style in recent gallops over a distance of ground. He is one of the few natural stayers in training.

**Drury** (4 yrs.).—When left at the post at Pontefract the other day, this colt had been regarded by the stable as "something to bet on." This circumstance should not be forgotten.

**Compiler** (3 yrs.).—Nothing like up to the mark in point of condition, this colt nevertheless ran a good second to Overseer at Lingfield. He should win next time out.

**Cortona** (4 yrs.).—Owing to the yielding state of the going, this colt was not pulled out at Newbury. He is, however, very well, and worth bearing in mind over seven furlongs or thereabouts.

**Ardavon** (7 yrs.).—With the conditions underfoot as they are at present, this is a pretty useful horse, and he ran well enough at Warwick to suggest that he will win a race in the near future.

### ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Copyright, who is being backed for the "City," would probably be more at home in the Manchester Cup.

* * *

Town Guard does not go well in the Derby betting, and may go even worse.

* * *

Lambton's stable, which has begun remarkably well, is probably the one to follow this season.

* * *

Zoza, a lightly framed daughter of the Cambridgeshire winner, Zinovia, was not suited by the conditions at Lingfield. She will probably do better next time out.

* * *

North Waltham will prove himself a good horse this season over a distance of ground.

* * *

Poisoned Arrow, who is moving in great style at Ilsley, is, it is said, being trained with a view to the Chester Vase.

* * *

Can't Steve get any riding practice in between writing his reminiscences?

* * *

Happy Man is still a good horse, and he may be ready for Chester.

* * *

To all enquiring punters I say, "Bet with men of the calibre of Douglas Stuart. Duggie has cut the catch out of racing."

I gather that disinterested experts are not satisfied that the traffic arrangements for the Cup Final this week will work so smoothly as officials think. On the contrary, inevitable congestion at the Wembley end is forecasted, especially after the match. This view is shared by the leading press photographers whom I met the other day returning from Wembley, and who know what they are talking about as a rule.

**That Final Feeling.**

I have, of course, no wish to "crab" the match, and I shall go to Wembley with the real Cup Final spirit, which can be interpreted into the once popular remark of "Who cares if it snows?" Football fans do not go about looking for comfort. Give them an attractive match and they don't care how hungry and footsore they arrive home. And, as I have before remarked, I think it is going to be a great match, with West Ham the winners. What I think the result will be can be seen on this page. I don't see how Bolton are going to stop the others getting a goal or two, while the West Ham defence is not good enough to keep the Wanderers out altogether. And we shan't grumble at a few goals either.

**Tax on Profits?**

Several well-known footballers ask me to protest against the proposed wage reduction. I hear the Players Union intend to make a strenuous fight against it, which, of course, this body is bound to do if it is to justify its existence. It has not, however, won any of its battles with the legislators, for the mere reason that so many players are not to be relied on for the necessary backing. The point is that some clubs can afford more than

### FORECASTS FOR APRIL 28.

(Nap Selections in Black Type.)

Home Winners.

Blackburn R., **Cardiff**, Everton, Huddersfield, Manchester C., Sunderland, W. Bromwich, Blackpool, Bradford C., Palace, Derby C., Fulham, Hull, Leicester, Wednesday, Southampton, Exeter, Northampton, Plymouth, Reading, Watford, Ashington, Barrow, Darlington, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Nelson, Stalybridge, Aberdeen, Celtic, Falkirk, Hamilton A., Raith R., Rangers, St. Mirren.

Away Winners.

Liverpool, Millwall, Swansea, Bristol C., Wigan, Bradford, Chesterfield.

Draws.

Arsenal v. **Sheffield U.**, Birmingham v. Burnley, Barnsley v. Manchester U., Merthyr v. Brighton, Norwich v. Luton, Scotstoun v. Swindon, Albion R. v. Partick T.

Suggested Coups.

**3 Away**:—Liverpool, Bristol C., Bradford.
**3 Draws**:—Arsenal v. Sheffield U., Barnsley v. Manchester U., Norwich v. Luton.
**3 Home**:—Cardiff, Blackpool, Bradford C., Fulham, Leicester, Southampton, Nelson, Rangers.
**2 Home, 2 Away**:—Cardiff, Fulham, Southampton, Swansea, Bristol C.
**1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw**:—Hull, Wigan, Southend v. Swindon.

the £5 per week, others will still find trouble in paying the proposed £4. What about a tax on a sliding scale on profits, and the creation of a fund from which the poorer clubs could be given grants?

**Dope for Players.**

It is not the custom to dope players, even if Preston North End a couple of seasons ago were accused of winning a Cup semi-final on champagne at the interval. But there is one big club who believe in whisky as a stimulant, and the men get a tot before they go on the field and again at half-time. Results have not been bad, but one has not to be a teetotal fanatic to realise that whisky is not good for athletes, even if it has been known to "encourage" racehorses.

**McCracken Busy.**

Billy McCracken, in his new job as manager of Hull City, has been scouting for players, and is said to have picked up a full-back of great promise in young M'Mackin, of the Glasgow Battlefields Juniors. What a name for a club! Billy ought to know a back when he sees one, and the Scots are said to be very annoyed about his capture. Still, any Scotsman can be detached from his native soil if enough "stuff" is offered.

**New Team Wanted.**

The English F. A. Selection came away from the international match with Scotland faced with a gloomy outlook. As far as I can see, there are only three players who can remain in the national eleven, Taylor, Watson and Tunstall, and perhaps Chambers. What we want is only two new backs, three new halves and a couple of forwards, and then we shall be getting along nicely. Never in the history of English football has there been such a paucity of class players, and Scotland is not much better off.

**Obscurity to Fame.**

Early in the season Mackie and Kennedy, the Arsenal backs, were in the third team. Since their promotion to the senior eleven they have prevented any team winning a League match at Highbury, and when they appeared together for Ireland the other day, the Welsh forwards could not beat them. There has been no more striking instance of such a rapid rise from obscurity to fame, and if their experience is not an encouragement to the aspiring youngster, I don't know what could be.

**Promotion Riddle.**

I said some time ago that promotion to the first division might not be settled until the last day of the season. Events have been shaping towards such a climax, and perhaps a lot of people concerned will be in suspense when Notts County and West Ham take the field on May 5th. I have only seen Notts County once this season, when they looked more like a third than a first division team, but all sides have their off day. I only hope West Ham "go up," if they miss the Cup, and it is not more than 6 to 4 about the double.

**CUP FINAL FORECAST—**
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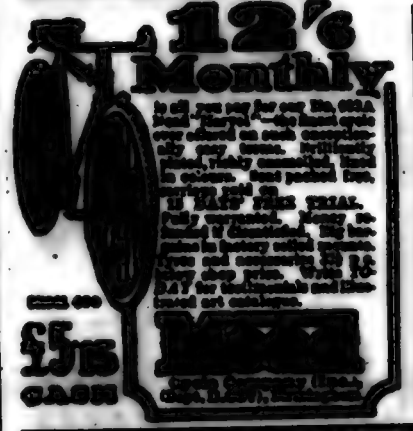

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# Our Letter Parliament

## Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

*Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.*

### Futile Purity Crusades.

England's young womanhood will not be saved by the methods of present-day purity crusades. Too frequently these do more harm than good. They arouse curiosity and cultivate a prurient temperament. The spirit of adventure created by the war is more than anything else responsible for the lower moral code. It exists to-day and is pandered to by public discussions on sex relationships, and by sex novels, sex films, and fashion in dress that reveal more than they conceal. The desire for adventure and new experiences lingers with young women as with young men. It explains why so many young girls go wrong. For one mad crowded hour of risks they barter their bodies and are willing to sacrifice their souls.—*J. C., Manchester.*

### In Purgatory at Portland.

It is indeed time there was an inquiry into the Portland Borstal. Officials say the boys are well looked after. If so, why do they try to escape? They have little chance to get far away, for as soon as the lads are missing there are police to be seen everywhere, yet when little girls go gathering a few wild flowers on a Sunday and get terrified by drunken sailors the police never seem near. It does one good to see how the poor lads enjoy the fresh air and sunshine when they take the horses to be shod, and slowly—very slowly—lead them back. I have watched them and know it to be true. Show up these places and the unfortunate lads in their hearts will thank you.—*M. W., Portland, Dorset.*

### Doctors who don't dodge Disease

Since living in this district I have been surprised to notice that almost every medical man round here has a special room built on to his house for the reception of his patients whilst waiting to go into the consulting-room. It is not the room exactly, but the size of it, which has attracted my notice. The room would not hold more than twelve persons at once. It seems hardly fair that one patient should stand the risk of catching a worse trouble through having to wait in so small a room.—*E. M., Thornton Heath, Surrey.*

### A Mean Trick.

A prominent firm in the motor trade in this town frequently advertises for workers in various capacities, and when applicants arrive they are told that it is only done for advertisement—and the jobs are non-existent. Does this firm realise the terrible effect such a ruse has on a man whose hopes are thus shattered, and who perhaps has tramped many miles or paid train fare he could ill-afford?—*G. J. H., 186, Silver Road, Norwich.*

### Sentiments of a Soldier.

Eight years ago I signed articles to box the Hun for the duration of the war. The result of that no-decision contest left me groggy for all time. Never once during a long and terrific battle did my opponent fight fair. Flagrant fouls, committed with daring disregard of existing rules, went unheeded. Always ready to hit below the belt—this fighter is to-day on the ropes and beaten. The onlookers who before had remained silent, now shout: "Stop the fight." But the decision of a referee who upholds the traditions of fair play is: "Box on!" Now then, France, punch with both hands!—*R. H. Omerston, 23, Dyke Road Drive, Brighton.*

### Are Private Schools Efficient?

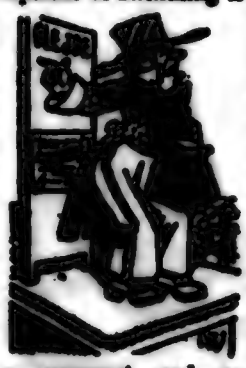
The remarks of Mr. Salford on the inefficiency of private schools are made evidently without a full knowledge of the subject. Everyone knows that the death-knell of the inefficient private school was sounded by the passing of the Education Act, in 1918. All private schools are now registered with the Board of Education and given the option of inspection or closing down. Furthermore, the Private Schools Association has cultivated such a wave of enthusiasm among its members for educational efficiency that the results have called for the unstinted praise of leading educationists. As regards salaries and qualifications—which he alleges are poor—perhaps Mr. Salford can inform me why there are so many degree-men in the private schools.—*W. L. Nolan, Lea Bank, Lime Grove, Thornton-le-Fylde.*

### Farm Workers' Wages

The Government refuses to subsidise agriculture, where the farm hand's wages are 25s. a week of 54 hours. Yet it pays employees of the Imperial War Graves Commission, in France, the following rates: Labourer, £3 10s.; Gardener, £4; Sub-Foreman, £4 10s.; Foreman, £5 for a 44-hour week, with one month's holiday a year, with pay and fares and English and French holidays amounting to 40 days a year also paid for. In bad weather unworkable days to the number of 70 a year are credited as worked. Is this fair? What is good for one class of men is surely good for another.—*J. W. Martin, 15, Shirley Gardens, Hanwell, W.7.*

### Two Ways With Welshers.

Compel every bookie to deposit a reasonable sum with the stewards of every race meeting they attend—to be paid before the races, and same to be forfeited if any complaint of swindling is proved—and the public warned not to make bets with any bookie who does not expose on his boards the official receipt for his deposit. At all race meetings the stewards should allow no bookie to take his stand unless he is adorned in a conspicuous scarlet suit, and if weather conditions "permit" an overcoat and an umbrella of the same hue.—*J. Jesson, 7, Clarendon Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool.*



### Pocket Money for Wives

I wonder why the majority of working men never think that their wives ought to have pocket-money each week to do with as they like? If such a thing is mentioned they look astonished and want to know: "What do you want pocket-money for? I take you to the pictures every week, I buy the books you read and your clothes, and what more do you want?" The working man's wife of to-day knows better than to waste money, but she would feel more sure of herself if her husband thought her worthy of a little pocket-money.—*M. S., Robson Street, Govanhill.*

### Poisoned Pets.

I would like to call attention to the cruel practice, common just now, of laying down horrible poison for rats where harmless domestic animals have access to it—and fall victims to it—to die in long-drawn-out and hellish tortures of agony. Such is heartbreaking to the owners of pets to witness. In this manner I have just lost a cat, and others in my neighbourhood recently, both cats and dogs—five being poisoned thus in one place. Surely a neglectful carelessness, involving tortures, as of the Inquisition, to innocent creatures, is a disgrace to our enlightened days of humanity. And yet I am informed by the R.S.P.C.A. that there is no legal redress for it!—*Alice C. Burnett, Oxford Villa, Argyle Street, Ryde, I.O.W.*

### Unjust Imprisonment.

A person against whom a Coroner's jury return a verdict of murder or manslaughter is committed for trial on a Coroner's warrant even if the case is dismissed at the police-court. When a *prima-facie* case has not been made out at the police court, it is usual to offer no evidence at the Assizes. The accused may be kept in custody until the trial. Why not insert a clause in the Administration of Justice Bill limiting the power of the Coroner to the issuing of a warrant for arrest only and thus prevent the overlapping of police and Coroner's courts.—*S. J. Ricketts, 144, Wolverton Road, Stony Stratford.*

### Are P.O. Clerks Efficient?

Enclosing a newspaper and music in envelope for America, I inquired rate of postage. At one post office three clerks said 9d. A *second local office* decided it could only be 4½d. at most, if enclosed; 1d. *if as printed* matter, but it was not possible that it could be 9d. A *third local office*, however, decided it would be 1½d., as *printed* matter, and 9d. if enclosed. Eventually I posted it as printed matter for 1½d. Now what am I to do if there is a surcharge?—*S. N., South Norwood.*

### Silent Civil Servants.

Are the cuts recently effected in official departments responsible for their continued silence when one has occasion to write to them re pensions, prize-money, etc.? Even when stamped addresses are enclosed, they have not the courtesy to reply. What remedy have we? Write to JOHN BULL about it. Could not something be done to compel these individuals to at least reply where stamped addressed envelopes are enclosed. Obviously, a different kind of cut might make them smart.—*J. M. K., 16, Richmond Street, Edinburgh.*

### £3 for Nothing

Has it ever occurred to the numerous readers of JOHN BULL, who have taken advantage of the insurance scheme, that they are thereby securing the weekly copy of the paper absolutely free of charge? The cover afforded by the Fire, Storm, Tempest, Flood, etc., Insurance would cost at least 7s. 6d. per annum from any Insurance Company, and the Accident and Disease cover costs from £3 to £4 10s. annually, according to age. As JOHN BULL only costs 5s. 8d. per 52-week year, not only is it being obtained free, but a saving of over £3 is being made per annum.—*George Cokayne, 22, Gordon Road, Chatham, Kent.*

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How my system has preserved that health, strength, and vigour you may judge for yourself by a glance at the photographs of myself at 25 and 55 years of age on this page.

Eugen Sandow

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Case No. C20455. Rev. F., aged 31.

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This book shows every sufferer how the causes and depressing symptoms can be overcome and a perfectly healthy digestion ensured.
Case No. BB282, Gentleman, aged 35.

You have done wonders for me; my appetite and digestion are everything I could wish for.
Case No. A22376, Miss E. H. aged 37.

I am pleased to say my digestion has improved tremendously. I hardly recognise it as mine, for I can eat practically anything now without ill-effects.

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I am now feeling not merely my old self, but far better than I was even before I had congestion of the liver. I feel very grateful to have escaped from the miserable existence which was my portion before I sought your advice; and I know I shall always consider my "going to Sandow" the best day's work I ever did.

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Medicine will not cure constipation.
Natural means alone should be employed, and this volume explains how you can cure yourself of this troublesome complaint.
Case No. A24611, Mr. J. B., aged 62.

Chemists' shops may close down as far as I am concerned. Cascara, pills, salts, have all gone by the board; it's surprising how regularly my bowels have worked since coming under your care.
Case No. A22285, Miss N. A., aged 20.

Thanks to your treatment, the constipation I was suffering from has entirely disappeared.
Case No. A23552, Mrs. S. C., aged 49.

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I showed my Doctor your prescription of exercises and he said they would do me more good than any medicine he could supply, and said he noticed a great improvement in my appearance and general carriage.

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Case No. 11627, Mrs. H., aged 40.

I have now lost 3 stone in weight. Exercise is becoming a pleasure to me, and I feel remarkably well.
Case No. BB, Gentleman, aged 41.

I feel like a new man and five years younger: lost 1 stone in two months, which is most satisfactory; bloated feelings gone altogether.

**PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT & FIGURE CULTURE.**

The ideal at which I aim is the type of man at whom anyone might look and say: "This is a man." Write for this book to-day.
Case No. 11472, Mr. R. G. C., aged 18.

I am more than satisfied. I have increased 6½in. round the chest, and my height has gone up 2½ in.
Case No. 9290, Miss V. F., aged 19.

My staying power has greatly improved, also my figure, and I am feeling very well.

**RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.**

These ailments may correctly be designated allied complaints. Briefly, the chief symptom of both is pain—acute pain. This book explains how it can be eradicated.
Case No. A23232, Mons. A. W., aged 60.

My arm, which I considered as nearly lost, is as good as it ever was at any time, and the effect of your system on my general health is simply wonderful.
Case No. A23340, Mrs. H., aged 55.

It is with much gratitude that I can really say you have cured me of my complaint. I walk straight, no limping, and I have enjoyed myself this year more than I have done for the past 20 years.

**LACK OF VIGOUR.**

My system of natural health culture and physical exercise, described in this book, is, I am confident, the only method of treatment which can claim to have been really successful in these cases.
Case No. BB804, Gentleman, aged 50.

**These Actual Photographs taken at an interval of 30 YEARS Demonstrate in Sandow's OWN PERSON the wonderful preservation of YOUTH and VIGOUR achieved by his System Of Health Culture**

I welcome writers after health who call at my Institute, at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., any day between 11 and 1.30 or 3.30 and 5.30 (Saturdays 11 to 1), and will with pleasure examine and advise upon their cases without fee or obligation. Those who cannot call may write me fully and I will advise by letter to any place in the world. I have cured patients in the most remote parts.

I am greatly pleased to say I feel a new man.
Case No. BB 604, Gentleman, aged 27.

I cannot tell you how much I have benefited from the exercises; am now in perfect condition.

**ANÆMIA.**

If you are Anæmic you should write for FREE copy to-day.
Case No. A22763, Mr. H.

The anæmia is now a thing of the past. General health very greatly improved.
Case No. A23468, Miss V. F., aged 23.

Altogether I feel better in every way than I have done for years, and all my friends remark how much better I am looking.

**BOYS' AND GIRLS' HEALTH AND AILMENTS.**

This book explains how even the most delicate boys and girls can be made healthy and strong, and natural beauty developed.
Case No. A22606, Master Jack H., aged 14.

Your Course has benefited him very much. He has quite a different appearance, well set up, and better proportioned.
Case No. 22695, Miss H., aged 11½.

Her ankles are stronger and straighter, she stands better, has more energy, not getting tired, as she used to do, and even her memory is better.

**LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS.**

Phthisis, in its early stages, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever, and kindred complaints can be successfully arrested and overcome by the method employed in the Sandow Treatment.
Case No. AD22895.

Your exercises seem to be working wonders with my lungs and chest, and are no doubt fortifying me against the rigours of an English winter.
Case No. AD24112.

My chest has now improved wonderfully, causing my Doctor to remark on my changed appearance.

**INSOMNIA.**

Delay is, of course, to be most avoided. I would, therefore, advise immediate application for this book. It explains the cure, which succeeds even when other remedies have been tried without success.
Case No. A21837, Mrs. R. H. C., aged 42.

I sleep quite well. Oh, the pleasure of going to bed and to know you are going to sleep, only those that have suffered can understand.
Case No. A24445, Mr. A. W., aged 24.

No more sleepless nights. Now when I wake in the morning I feel quite refreshed after my sleep.

**HEART AFFECTIONS.**

The treatment described is not gymnastic in any sense but is gentle and graduated in its nature, and most enjoyable to undergo.
Case A22022, Mr. H. B., aged 23, writes:—

The Specialist says: "Heart is wonderfully improved, only one thing it needs, not medicine, but more exercise."
Case No. A21981, Miss M. F. R., aged 24.

Heart Condition Very Much Better.

The exercises have helped me enormously—the heart condition is very much better.

**PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN.**

The troubles dealt with include Spinal Curvature, Round shoulders, Prominent shoulder blades, Chest deformities, Wry neck, etc.
Case No. AD22160, Mr. F.

My spine is going back to its proper place. The curvature is much decreased.
Case BB851, Lady, aged 20.

I am wonderfully improved in regard to straightening of the spine.

## JUBILEE OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS SANDOW CURATIVE INSTITUTE.

**AN ASTOUNDING & PHENOMENAL RECORD IN THE CURE OF ILLNESS BY NATURAL MEANS.**

***Over 200,000 Successfully Treated Cases!***

40,000 Cases of Neurasthenia.
40,000 Cases of Indigestion.
30,000 Cases of Constipation.
20,000 Cases of Liver Trouble.
12,000 Cases of Obesity.
7,000 Cases of Heart Trouble.
5,000 Cases of Lung and Chest Complaints.
5,000 Cases of Rheumatism and Gout.
4,000 Cases of Anæmia.
7,000 Cases of Lack of Vigour.
6,000 Cases of Insomnia.
4,000 Cases of Spinal Curvature and other Physical Defects.

**PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND GENERAL FITNESS.**

Tens of Thousands of Men and Women made physically Fit and Strong, to carry on their occupations, as well as many thousands of delicate and ill-developed boys and girls made perfectly healthy and strong.

**CAN ANY OTHER INDIVIDUAL, INSTITUTION, OR METHOD EVEN APPROACH THIS CERTIFIED RECORD?**

*In the Matter of HEALTH there is*

## NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, SO SEND AT ONCE for the FREE BOOK on your complaint.

Please send me your BOOK on.....

My OCCUPATION is..... My AGE is.....

NAME.....
(PLEASE SAY MR., MRS., OR MISS, OR TITLE.)

ADDRESS.....

.....

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, LONDON, S.W. 1.
(John Bull, 28.4.23.)

# John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

HARMONIOUS (Cardiff).—"I do wish people who can't sing, wouldn't." They don't.

C. T. (Walthamstow).—"No one can call it 'Merry England' now." Cheer up; there's a penny off beer.

R. W. (Leicester).—"A Bill should be passed to make Trade Unions illegal." Write to Bonar Law and say you'll be cross if it isn't done by Whitsuntide.

P. K. H. (Great Yarmouth).—"Don't forget the sad lot of the Old Age Pensioners." No journal has more consistently advocated their claims than we have.

SOLICITOUS (Birmingham).—"I fear there are still a few people who do not read JOHN BULL." And these we are gradually roping in.

P. F. (Handsworth).—"What are the prospects of a young man in the Argentine?" It depends largely on the young man.

PAX (Beverley).—"Are we at war with anybody just now?" We fancy not, but wouldn't bet about it.

DRUDGE (New Cross).—"The man who said 'Blessed be drudgery' ought to change places with me." Have you taken into consideration the fact that he's dead?

SAM (Stepney).—"Food prices have at last begun to fall." You refer, of course, to the reduction in the price of beer?

WEATHER PROPHET (Sunderland).—"By my calculations we ought to have some cold weather this summer." You don't need calculations to predict that.

A. W. P. (Clerkenwell).—"What is the origin of the custom of wearing earrings?" It is a relic of savagery; some tribes wear rings through their noses.

CLAIRVOYANTE (Sudbury).—"I can predict the future with absolute certainty." Any bookmaker will lay odds against you predicting even the winner of a selling plate.

CONSTITUTIONALIST (Derby).—"If they are not careful, the Labour Party will be getting a reputation for wildness." What must they do before you'd call them really wild?

JOSHUA (Clifton).—"I frequently have extraordinary dreams. Do they mean anything?" Probably that your dietary needs revision.

BOXING FAN (Paddington).—"Do you think Dempsey will beat Joe Beckett?" The question is: Will he meet him?

YOKEL (Leatherhead).—"When was the Battle of Hastings?" 1066—the only date we know without looking it up.

W. A. C. (Chelsea).—"If apples fall off my neighbour's tree into my garden, can I pick them up?" If you haven't got lumbago. But it's a bit early for apples, isn't it?

NEMO (Egham).—"What do you think of this stupid craze for non-stop dancing?" The same as you, only much more so.

R. J. S. (Chatham).—"Correct methods of thinking and reasoning will solve any problem." We hope you find the City and Suburban winner.

MANUFACTURER (Luton).—"Straw hats will be very much worn this summer." Ours is now.

CHURCHMAN (Richmond, Yorks).—"The practice of burning incense makes me highly indignant." Incensed, in fact.

GARDENER (Romford).—"Is it an offence to burn rubbish in a back garden?" Only to the nostrils.

M. B. A. (Manchester).—"What constitutes really bad language?" That is obviously a question that cannot be answered in a respectable journal.

CHERRIO (New Brighton).—"I'm pretty hard up, but I always manage to make the best of things." If you make the best of *Bullets* there's £250 for you this week.

ONE OF MANY (Eastbourne).—"I have learnt to love JOHN BULL from a boy." From what boy?

MOMI (Grangemouth).—"What is the longest word in the English language?" We don't know offhand, but the office boy has promised to go through the dictionary one week-end.

DUFFER (Brentwood).—"What is the difference between fame and notoriety?" Notoriety is undesirable fame.

H. H. (Preston).—"Why are two legs of the bulldog on the cover of JOHN BULL white and the other two black?" Because of the shadow, silly.

OLD CONTEMPTIBLE (Southampton).—"It is extraordinary how few preachers are worth listening to." It is therefore not extraordinary how few people go to listen.

SIXTY-FOUR (Diss).—"Women in the early sixties may have been old in our grandmothers' days, but surely not now?" No, not more than about 120.

DAISY (Bexhill).—"It is a pity cats are not licensed the same as dogs." Especially as they enjoy a far greater licence.

EXPERIENCED (Leeds).—"What's the matter with the Home Office?" Chronic tranquillity.

*LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

MRS. G. (Belfast).—"It ought to be compulsory for tradesmen to replace bad eggs." Bit rough on the chickens.

EXPECTANT (no address).—"What is the value of a gold coin dated 1672?" Impossible to say without knowing more about it. Take it to a numismatist.

J. T. (Sunderland).—"When I have finished reading JOHN BULL I use it for lighters." We have a habit of throwing light on lots of things.

L. G. G. (Dewsbury).—Can you suggest a hobby for me that will be interesting but not expensive?" Walking.

C. W. M. (Wales).—"Is it not appalling to read of the multifarious acts of cannibal barbarism?" We have heard queer stories from Wales before, but this sounds serious.

H. H. (Batley).—"There are so many foreigners in England that one wonders if this is a free country." Your grouse is, apparently, that it is too free.

A. R. (Southampton).—"The landlords of most working class houses keep them in a very dirty and insanitary state of repair." Apply to the Sanitary Officer: he exists to put such matters right.

A. N. T. (Wiltshire).—"I live in a cottage for which I pay 2s. per week rent." And yet you grumble!

W. S. (Barry).—"There is some very suspicious hake in South Wales." This sounds like cod.

A. R. I. M. (Rutherglen).—"Labour is very often inconsistent." And a lot of other things—but it will learn better one day.

R. T. Z. (Newport).—"Is a crisis approaching in the motor world?" It is: our flivver gets worse and worse every day.

JAMES (Burlescombe).—"The summer is ahead of us, bringing with it dusty streets and flies." One day some of you people may arrive in a climate which will suit you.

J. A. (Oldham).—"Please find enclosed my first effort at writing." That explains everything.

MCWHIRTER (Ayr).—"No one can deny that we are the most intelligent people in the world." Individually, however, the intelligence is often vicarious.

ENNUI (Cardiff).—"A man often sees too much of a girl." We fear you are right. But high necks and long skirts are not worn nowadays.

PLAIN SPEAKING (Herne Hill).—"I believe in calling a fool a fool." Quite right: so many sinful people prefix pungent and superfluous adjectives.

J. B. M. (Stourbridge).—"I should like to see JOHN BULL published every day." At the mere suggestion, the office boy threw a fit.

GREGARIOUS (Tiverton).—"Do you think any man was made to live alone?" Often: in Dartmoor, for example.

A. K. L. (Liverpool).—"I have fallen in love with my brother's fiancée. What ought I to do about it?" Give the lady her choice.

GOSPEL OF JOY (Norwich).—"Whist drives are next door to gambling." Curious sort of a "gospel of joy" you preach.

MILTON (Chatham).—"On handwriting you do direct Your criticism swiping, That's why this gentle remonstrance To-day to you I'm typing." Your typing is all right, but, like most typists, your spelling is weak.

J. T. (Hove).—"There are seven yards of material in a Scots kilt." So that's that.

JOE B. (Selly Park).—"I've been the last passenger off tramcars for years, and never found a cent." You might as well abandon the habit.

C. M. E. (Lewisham).—"I should like to see the marriage knot tied much less firmly." Not a little looser, in fact?

ROAMER (Winchester).—"There is something very mysterious about the hour of midnight." The only mystery many people find is the location of the keyhole.

SCROUNGER (East Grinstead).—"I assure you I don't go about with my eyes shut." We accept your assurance. It would be something to shout about if you did.

BOW BELLS (Lichfield).—"Could not some other method than bells be devised of calling people to church?" Doubtless it could, but they still wouldn't go.

MOLLIE (Evesham).—"The skies are grey, but one fine day the sun will drive the clouds away." We hope so, if only to stop this sort of thing.

SUCCESSFUL (Leeds).—"I have backed the winner of the Derby for the past 25 years." Do you know what happened to Ananias?

SCEPTICAL (Redhill).—"I have been told that once on a time men had tails. Is this true?" Yes, it is a true tale.

EX-R.A.F. (Colchester).—"Will it ever be possible to reach the moon by flying?" It certainly will not be done any other way.

EMILY (Liverpool).—"Would you advise me to emigrate to Australia? Photograph enclosed." Yes.

COMPLEX (Balham).—"I wish I could find a girl who understood me." You don't want understanding; you want sitting on.

W. C. T. (Dundee).—"Why do so many Americans come to England? Wouldn't you, if you were an American?

WESLEYAN (Lee).—"Tobacco is a curse; there will be no smoking in hell." We always thought there would be quite a lot.

WOULD-BE AUTHOR (Aldeburgh).—"I want to learn to write." You undoubtedly do.

HALF-BACK (Bolton).—"I do not altogether agree with your football contributor." The poor man's gone home heartbroken.

G. G. (Devizes).—"Do you believe in messages got through a planchette?" No; nor in sea-serpents.

STATISTICIAN (Hitchin).—"Is the population of the world going up or down?" Orthodox theology teaches that some of it goes up and the rest down.

J. McB. (Glasgow).—"At the next General Election, Labour will sweep the country." And a very suitable occupation too.

HAPPY MAN (Finsbury Park).—"This is the best Budget we have had for years." From which we deduce how you spend your evenings.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

**Send No Money!**

See Page 2 of cover for JOHN BULL'S remarkable offer of a

**2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE**

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—Lord Lister.

# 'Yadil' is the antiseptic sought for by Lister. It will make the British Isles the first country in the world free from tuberculosis.

I MAKE the above definite statement on the strength of the reports I have received from doctors during the last six years. My antiseptic destroys the tubercle germs (and other disease germs) in the system without injury to internal organs. Pure air and pure food do the rest, once the deadly germs are out of the way. It is simplicity itself. But it means that four hundred thousand consumptives out of the half million known cases in the British Isles can be restored to health, provided they commence treatment *at once*. If you are one of the victims of the scourge don't hesitate, whether you are at home or in a sanatorium, to commence the 'Yadil' treatment. If your sanatorium will not give you 'Yadil' voluntarily, then buy it and take it. If you know sufferers from tuberculosis in any form, recommend them 'Yadil' and earn their gratitude.

There would be hardly any fresh cases of consumption were my antiseptic used in every infection which is known by doctors to prepare the ground for consumption. These are pneumonia, pleurisy, measles, scarlet fever, bronchitis, puerperal fever, coughs and colds. 'Yadil' destroys the germs which cause these disorders, and at the same time the tubercle germs which may happen to be there, ready to do their deadly work as soon as the chest and lungs are sufficiently weak.

In The Yadil Book (192 pages), I publish one hundred pages of reports from doctors, sisters, matrons, nurses and others. I send this large book post free on receipt of card around the 6 oz. and larger sizes of 'Yadil.' You should not delay in getting your free copy of this book. I have still got several thousands ready to post, but if you wait too long, I may have to keep you waiting whilst getting another hundred thousand copies printed.

I have just written a new booklet on 'Yadil,' in which I explain why, and how, my antiseptic will make the British Isles the first country in the world free from tuberculosis. This I will send post free on request. Send me your name and address and you will get a copy by return of post. I want everyone of the million readers of John Bull to have this booklet. With the whole-hearted co-operation of the readers of John Bull, I know that I will win against the vested interests whose prosperity depends upon the maintenance of consumption in the country. Don't hesitate or delay to send for this booklet, even though you may be ordering a bottle of 'Yadil' to-day to get the big book. Please do not write to me asking if 'Yadil' is good for such and such a disease. I have given all this information in The Yadil Book. Read The Yadil Book first, and if there is anything not quite clear, write me and I will answer personally, as soon as ever I can. Remember this, that 'Yadil' Antiseptic destroys all disease germs, including the tubercle germs, the malaria germs, the small-pox germs, in the body, without causing the least injury to internal organs—just as carbolic acid destroys all forms of disease-germs in drains and dust-bins.

'Yadil' is based upon the natural essential oil of garlic produced in my own laboratories. But it never taints the breath and body. It reaches every part of the system, never accumulates in the body. When it causes a slight burning sensation, it is because the membranes of the stomach are raw, and it is healing them. When it causes a slight nausea, it is because the stomach is out of order. I explain in The Yadil Book what to do to get the stomach in order again. Without 'Yadil' you might go on for years without suspecting that the lining of the stomach is inflamed, only to awaken one day to the painful fact that it is ulcerated.

My antiseptic has been used by thousands of doctors for nearly seven years now. The whole Yadil Book is based upon their reports and experience. There is hardly a man of eminence in the profession who does not know the extraordinary results obtained with 'Yadil,' in all infections and inflamed conditions of the body.

Send me your name and address without delay for your free copy of the booklet—and get at once a 6 oz. bottle of 'Yadil' from your chemist, for a copy of the big book.

'Yadil' Antiseptic is prepared by Messrs. Clement and Johnson Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C. 1. You can obtain it from all good chemists and stores, including all branches of Boots the Chemists and Taylor's Drug Stores. If out of stock, your chemist can get it quickly for you, if you give him a firm order. 2 oz. 2/-, 6 oz. 3/6, Pint 9/6, Quart 17/-. There is no card for THE YADIL BOOK with the 2 oz. or pocket size. Be sure you get the original package, in amber bottle, packed in a corn-coloured wrapper with name, size and price plainly printed in black letters. Get 'Yadil' from your chemist as orders by post are more costly to you, the postage being 5d. for the 2 oz. size, 6d. for the 6 oz. size, 9d. for the Pint, and 1/- for the Quart.

**'Yadil' is not a drug, medicine, tonic, or food, but solely a harmless vegetable antiseptic which destroys within the body disease germs and food poisons without injury to cell tissue.**

Pronounce it YAH-DIL.

W.B.F.

DUNELT 5 h.p. FAMILY OUTFIT

For power, simplicity, reliability and absolute value, the DUNELT cannot be equalled—it will take you and the family in comfort, anywhere, at a minimum cost. Double Easter Sidecar, either Wide or Tandem type, can be fitted at a little extra cost. Any model on Easy Payment Terms. Write TO-DAY for Catalogue.

Dunford & Elliott (Sheffield), Ltd.
Bath St., Works, BIRMINGHAM

Outfits Complete from £89:10

"The Ideal Family Outfit." C.W.

Send for FREE Sample of VEGETINE PILLS

They are a family tonic, and have won great favour, for they produce healthy and beautiful complexions. A short treatment will banish all dirty accounts, such as Spots, Pimples, etc.

DAVID MARSDEN & CO., LTD., Bournemouth, Bournemouth.

PERFECT-FITTING LOUNGE SUIT on EASY TERMS from 63/- to measure. Supplied on first payment of 8/-, balance 8/- monthly. The finest suit values ever offered, in all the latest cloths and colourings—Serges, Worsteds, Cashmeres, Tweeds, etc. Cut, made and finished by master-craftsmen. Call at any of our establishments for free patterns and style booklet, or write and they will be sent free, together with our simple self-measurement form.

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[illegible] W.C. (next to Stadium)
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All Trade Advertisements are covered by the "John Bull" Guarantee.

See page 31.

# DRIVEN MAD BY DESTITUTION

## Family's Pathetic Pilgrimage of Pain

READ the tragedy which has befallen the family of an ex-Service man named Sculley.

The war had robbed him of all that he possessed of this world's goods and deprived him of bodily health and mental comfort. All the reward he received for his services to his country was his medals. He had no pension and was not eligible for the dole. Bravely he set about learning the trade of cane chair and basket-making.

He made a home of sorts in a shack which he dignified by the name of bungalow just outside Oxford, for which he paid a rent of 1s. 6d. a week. During term he managed to keep the wolf from the door by doing repairs for the students in residence.

At the end of term he found his occupation to a great extent gone, and just before Christmas set out on a pilgrimage to London in search of more work.

Accompanied by his wife, who had a babe at her breast, and two other children, a boy of eleven and a girl of eight, he tramped the weary road, doing odd jobs by the wayside. Sometimes he earned sufficient to pay for food and shelter, at others they starved and slept in the open. On reaching London, the family found themselves very little better off. Work was hard to find and poorly paid when found, and with all the willingness in the world the poor fellow could not earn enough to provide a home. So the pilgrimage of pain continued, the only difference being that instead of tramping with a direct objective, they trudged the streets in a never-ending circle of despair.

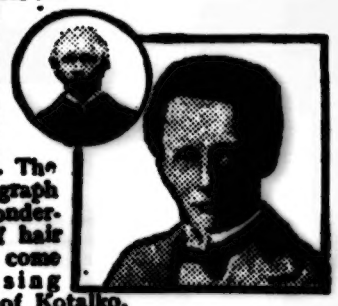
The man earned what he could to find miserable lodgings and scanty fare for his wife and family, but often they were homeless and hungry at nightfall, and had to seek refuge in casual shelters. His little remaining strength was failing him, and the strain of living from hand to mouth for weeks at a time began to affect his mind. At last he was taken away to a lunatic asylum, driven mad by destitution.

"The Greatest of These——" Fund provided sustenance for the sorely stricken family. Whatever may be thought of the advisability of an adventure which ended so disastrously the piteous cry of starving children admits of no argument.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:—

"The small photo taken from a football group will show you how bald I was, six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.



"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair, previous to the baldness, was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JACK EVANS.

Many persons — both men and women — who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years. Please use coupon or copy it.

TEST-BOX Coupon

Fill in name and address and post with 6d. in stamps (or P.O.) to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (68 A.J.), London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

# "The Greatest of These——"

*(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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*(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)*

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There is a free gift waiting for YOU—any one you choose from over 200—all to be had in exchange for coupons from "Black Cat" Cigarettes—the finest value in the world—the cigarette that has set the standard for over 20 years. Send coupon TO-DAY.

10 for 6d Black Cat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

POST THIS COUPON NOW!

In an open envelope, with a halfpenny stamp affixed, and address of free gift you require, with name and address of sender.

Name.....

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BLACK CAT CIGARETTE Co. (Dept. S) 258, City Road, LONDON, E.C.1

# £500 BIRTHDAY GIFT

MR. OWEN EDWARDS, of 8, Bryn Terrace, Cwmbwrla, Swansea, the winner of the last £500 *Bullets* Competition, states: "I have been repeatedly urged to give up trying by pessimistic friends, who have given me a pretty rough time in a good natured way. But I remembered the old saying: 'Nothing got without trying,' and kept pegging away with the result that I have vindicated myself and JOHN BULL in no small manner." Mr. Edwards celebrated his 32nd birthday on April 7th, and the cheque for £500 arriving a day or two later, he naturally regards it as a very substantial birthday gift. The road which has led Mr. Edwards to success has no barriers; it is open to every other competitor.

### THAT £1,000 REWARD

Although it is the oldest of the popular newspaper competitions, "Bullets" retains its unrivalled hold upon the public. This fact is easily explained. In the first place, the *bona fides* of the competition has never been open to doubt. For many years the proprietors of this journal have offered a reward of £1,000 to anyone who could prove that the prize-winners were any other than *bona fide* competitors or that they did not duly receive the full amount of their prizes. Since this challenge was published not a single valid claim has been made. It has therefore served the purpose of demonstrating beyond all doubt that this old-established competition is beyond the range of criticism. Having thus served its purpose, the offer of a reward of £1,000 is now withdrawn, and no claim made, or purporting to be made, in pursuance of such offer can hereafter be entertained. In the whole field of newspaper competitions *Bullets* has no serious rival. There are no vexatious restrictions, no fussy rules, nothing, in fact, to deter the least dubious individual from participating in this entertaining literary pastime. A full record of prize-winners from week to week, with their addresses, is open to inspection at these offices at any time; in fact, not long ago we published the entire list of substantial prize-winners from the commencement of the contest, not one of these names being challenged.

## RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 480.

**FIRST PRIZE OF £250:**

**Mr. DAN CRAWFORD, 18, Selby Road, Anerley, S.E. 20**

Example: ALL AT ONCE
Bullet:—RECKLESS DRIVER—DRIVERLESS WRECK.

**SECOND PRIZE OF £20:**

**Mr. ALFRED E. PALMER, 2, The Bridge, Taunton, Somerset.**

Example:—SEX EQUALITY
Bullet:—NUMERICALLY, COLONIES' GREATEST NEED.

**THIRD PRIZE OF £10:**

**Mr. J. GALLACHER, 12, Strathgyle Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow.**

Example:—ROUGH
Bullet:—AND READY—"WESTERN SETTLEMENTS."

**10 Prizes of £5 each:**

H. DABBS, 10, Church Manor Way, Plumstead, S.E.18: THE NEXT STEP—DIRECTORSHIP FOR EVERY EX-MINISTER?
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

W. MEARS, 392, Sherrard Road, East Ham, E. 12: THE NEXT STEP—OF BOSS'S SON—JUMP.

B. HARRISON, 24, St. James Street, Liverpool: PAVING THE WAY—FOR ACCIDENTS, ILLEGIBLE SIGNPOSTS.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

J. WOODS, 14, Athy Road, Bournbrook, Birmingham: WHISPERED ABROAD—SHOUTED HERE—"THE KING."

A. PLACE, 44, Hanley Rd., Stroud Green, N. 4: COLOURED—MENACES, RED—YELLOW—BLACK.

F. H. MOSS, 3, Old Botley, Oxford: WEAK SPOT—SOMEWHERE, BUSINESS NEEDING STRENGTH.

MISS M. GREGORY, 34, Hartford Rd., Newtown, Huntingdon: NOISY FELLOW—FOREMAN—EXCEPT WHEN APPROACHING.

S. P. BONNETT, Clapham, Bedford: SEX EQUALITY—UPSETS HOUSE OF *Lords*.

MRS. F. ROBERTS, 111, Dacy Road, Liverpool: TASTELESS—SUCCESS OFTEN—UNLESS SHARED.

SIDNEY R. FORSE, 1, Wine St., Frome, Somerset: PAVING THE WAY—NATIONALISATION, TO MORE MINISTRIES.

**2ND PRIZE £20**

**10 PRIZES OF £5**
**10 PRIZES OF £2-10**
**25 PRIZES OF 10/**

# BULLETS 1ST PRIZE £250

**3RD PRIZE £10**

**100 PRIZES OF 5/**
**500 PRIZES OF 2/6**
**2,000 THRIFT PRIZES**

## 2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

**NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.**

### EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 482.

DAILY BREAD
BACK TO BUSINESS
JUST RIGHT
IN THE SUN
EASY
BROKEN OFF
HELP YOURSELF
ALL WE NEED
PRETENDING
THEY SAY
TIT FOR TAT
AT BREAKFAST
NEVER
ON A PEDESTAL
PAYING GUEST
BEAUTY SPOTS
A PIRATE
WIFE'S BILLS
NEXT GENERATION
ODDS AND ENDS
EVENING DRESS
A REBEL
YOUNG MOTHER
HALF PRICE
BEST AVOIDED
AN EXPERIMENT
SOFT WORDS
TIME TO SPARE
NOT FOR ME
PAINTING
FEELING LONELY
IN CONFIDENCE

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

**10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:**

A. HEYWOOD, Whitefield, Wivelscombe, Somerset: ON THE FARM—THE BOSS "MUCH EXERCISED."

H. SULLIVAN, 11, The Bridge, Wealdstone, Harrow: COMING OUT—SMILE—SHOPWALKER REACHES HOME.

H. D. STRANGE, 32, Nightingale Place, Woolwich: INSIDE OUT—FEMININE BORROWER RETURNS NEWSPAPER.

W. A. COLLISTER, 31, Circular Road, Douglas, Isle of Man: PAVING THE WAY—POSTPONEMENT TO ABANDONMENT.

ARTHUR THOMAS, 6, Iois Street, Oxford: WARNED OFF—PROFIT—WHERE'S ANY INDUCEMENT?

P. PETRIE, 168, Main Street, Elderslie, Johnstone, N.B.: BEHIND OUR BACKS—GOSSIPS NEVER FIT WINGS
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

J. MASTERSON, 80, Scorr Street, Lincoln: SEX EQUALITY—"THE BRIDEGROOM LOOKED CHARMING."

J. DARVEL, 15, Dornton Road, Balham, S.W. 12: NOISY FELLOW—KNOWS EACH PLAYER'S NICKNAME.

ALICE M. SAVORY, 72, Haviland Road, Boscombe: FACTS AND FIGURES—SELDOM PLACED BEFORE PHILANTHROPIST.

F. A. EGGON, 1, East Hill Cottage, Copthorne, nr. Crawley, Sussex: UP TO MISCHIEF—FINANCIERS MEDDLING IN POLITICS.

### HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Thirty-two examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example:—LITTLE HELP. Bullet:—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS. Example:—PAID IN FULL. Bullet:—THEN FRANCE "QUITE." Example:—WHEN LONDON SLEEPS. Bullet:—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

**ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 482, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 3.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(482) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 3.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(482) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 3.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(482) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 3.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(482) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed____
Address____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

### SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 482.

RAMSAY MACDONALD—ON THE STAGE—BRITAIN'S BEST—WITHOUT A POLICY—UPSIDE DOWN—WHAT THE SURATE SAID—BY WIRELESS—TAKING THE TRAIN—FULL UP—WHEN SHE LIKES—NEW DOORS—THE NEXT TIME—QUEER THINGS—SHELVING A RAT—HOME COMFORTS—SEEN OVER—IN THE RING—WILLING HORSE—IMPROVING—PAST MASTER.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, MAY 17th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 482 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 482, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 482.

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 480 will be published in next week's "Correspondents' Appeal." Complete list of all cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SPECIAL REMUNERATIVE POSTES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 480 have purchased their copies of "JOHN BULL."

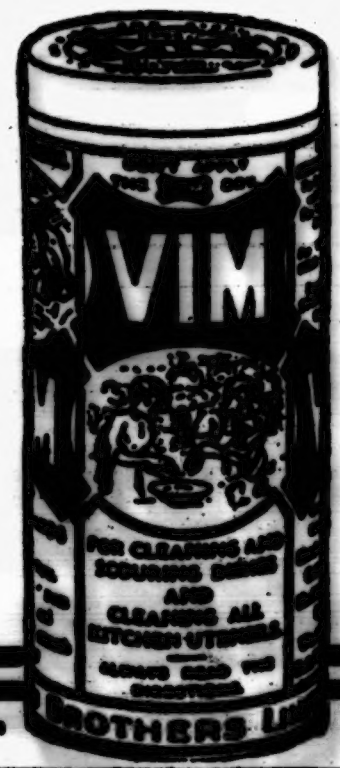
The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 479, can now be seen in the window of Mr. Howell James, Confiserie (Swan Vermicelli), Cockspur.

# MrVIM PASSES BY

**and in a few minutes gloom is changed into brightness. The quickness of the bright transformation might be expressed in this quotation from a well-known play:**

**"I say, you are quick, Mr. Pim!"**
**"It's only the merest matter of business—just a few minutes."**
***—Mr. Pim Passes By.***

**To those who use VIM, brightness is only the merest matter of business—just a few minutes after meals and the pots and pans are made beautifully clean and wholesome—the dish-covers shine—the plates and glassware sparkle—the knives, forks and spoons are spotless. A minute or two more and the white table top is faultlessly clean, and the earthenware sink, with the brass taps and the surrounding tilework, is a picture.**

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